Recommended Congressional Candidates *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Depression Ahead?

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Mr. Nixon Rearranges the Furniture

John Osborne

Education Vouchers

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Catch-22's Broken Promises

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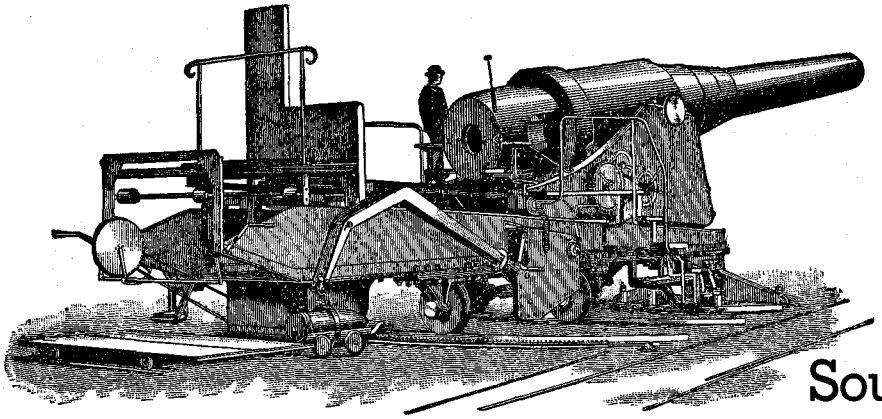

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Comparison of Philbin's and Rivers' Voting Records on National Security and Defense Issues in 1969.

Bill numbered	Bill concerning	Date of vote	Philbin	Rivers
HR 15090	*Defense Appropriation*	Dec. 8, 1969	Yes	Yes
HRes 722	Vietnam (supporting Nixon policy)	Dec. 1, 1969	Yes	Absent
HRes 613	Vietnam (supporting Nixon policy)	Dec. 1, 1969	Yes	Absent
HR 14751	Military Construction *Appropriation*	Nov. 13, 1969	Yes	Yes
HRes 577	Military Construction	Nov. 13, 1969	Yes	Yes
HRes 561	Defense Procurement Authorization	Oct. 3, 1969	Yes	Yes
HR 14000	*Defense Procurement* Authorization	Oct. 3, 1969		
	(preventing amendments)		Yes	Yes
	(motion to recommit and delete funds)		No	No
	(passage)		Yes	Yes
HR 13018	Military Construction Authorization	Aug. 5, 1969		
	(recommit)		No	No
	(passage)		Yes	Yes
HR 12167	AEC Authorization	June 18, 1969	Yes	Yes
HR 11271	NASA Authorization	June 10, 1969	Yes	Yes
HR 7757	Coast Guard Procurement and Construction Authorization	Apr. 29, 1969	Yes	Yes
HR 4153	Aircraft Procurement Authorization	Mar. 27, 1969	Yes	Yes

Compiled from Congress Quarterly Almanac, 1969.

The Rev. Robert F. Drinan, distinguished Dean of Boston College Law School, is opposing Philbin in the Massachusetts Democratic Primary on September 15th. Drinan has long opposed our War in Southeast Asia; he calls for immediate withdrawal; he calls for major reduction of our military spending. If Drinan defeats Philbin, it will be of national significance. That is why we are asking all Americans to contribute to his campaign.

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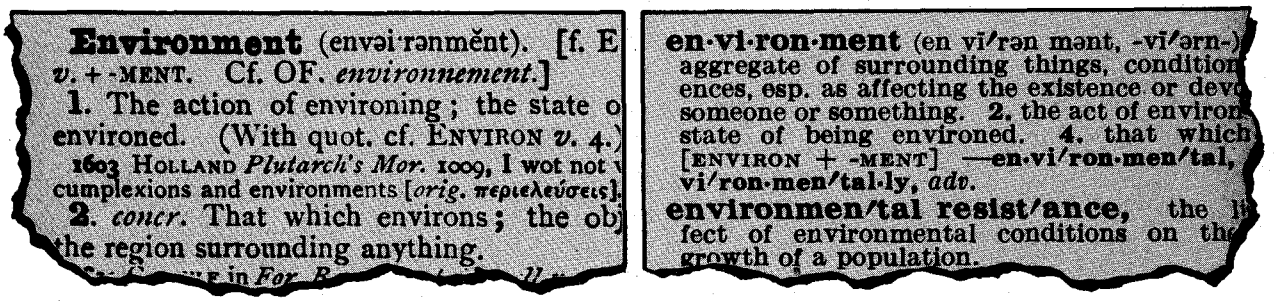
Environment dirty is a popular word



Environment (envəi·rənmĕnt). [f. E *v.* + -MENT. Cf. OF. *environnement.*]
1. The action of environing; the state o environed. (With quot. cf. ENVIRON *v.* 4.)
1603 HOLLAND *Plutarch's Mor.* 1009, I wot not v cumplexions and environments [*orig.* περιελεύσεις].
2. *concr.* That which environs; the ob the region surrounding anything.

en·vi·ron·ment (en vī′rən mənt, -vī′ərn-) aggregate of surrounding things, condition ences, esp. as affecting the existence or deve someone or something. **2.** the act of environ state of being environed. **4.** that which [ENVIRON + -MENT] —**en·vi′ron·men′tal,** vi′ron·men′tal·ly, *adv.*
environmen′tal resist′ance, the fect of environmental conditions on the growth of a population.

1897 Oxford English Dictionary — 1969 Random House Dictionary

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from Washington

No Better Angels?

We are going to "rekindle the spirit of American patriotism" here next Saturday, the advance billings say, with Bob Hope and Billy Graham and Walt Disney, Inc. Mr. Nixon will be out at San Clemente, but maybe Spiro Agnew will be here and do his stuff, and denounce somebody.

Fireworks on the Fourth normally bring 100,000 or more people to the area around the Monument, Executive Mansion and Memorial, and this year the show will be a lot bigger because people discovered in time that the Spirit of Patriotism is flickering. But don't worry. Those students, and blacks, and radicals who fear hunger at home more than Reds abroad, won't have a chance to speak. Bob and Billy will bring us through. We are going to have a fine, old-fashioned Celebration.

I was walking behind the White House the other night when I noticed a bumper sticker on a car, "America: Love It or Leave It!" Maybe one of those jolly New York construction workers, I thought, who roughed up the student demonstrators and then got called to the Oval Room where they gave the smiling President a hard hat with little flags stuck on it. The night was shuddery with an approaching storm, and the trees rustled as though trying to speak.

"Monument," somebody said, "I'm uneasy; there's too many flags around; something's gone wrong."

I looked about. Nobody was there, and yet I heard a deep voice reply from the other side of the Ellipse, "No harm done, Mansion! It's only patriotism, you know."

The first voice sounded rather irritated, I thought: "Yes, that's why I'm troubled! Strain that long neck of yours, Monument, and look around. What's going on?"

(There was a pause here, and then the singular conversation resumed.)

Monument: I've looked far and wide. In Casco Bay the lobstermen are home. At the Empire State, charwomen are cleaning up. There's honeysuckle in the South. I see lights on the prairie. There's snow on Rainier. All's well!

Mansion: Too many flags; too many flags, I say.

(There was something like a chuckle, I thought, if you can imagine a 500-ft. shaft chuckling.)

Come, be sensible! There's always flags around here – mostly 13-stars in my time.

Oh, well, I suppose you're right. Thirty-six stars they had when the war ended in '65 and they paraded past me, down Pennsylvania Avenue. The greatest army on earth marched past for two days; sometimes 15 abreast, sometimes cavalry with surcingles jingling. The flags had charred holes among the stars. But it was another man taking the salute.

Monument: A sorry business! you've seen sorry times. Wilson broken; Hoover crushed; Harding ruined – three shot dead.

(The thunder really started now and I lost some of the words, but the first voice didn't sound sad.)

Good times, too! There was all Teddy's tribe, and Grover telling 'em to publish and be damned. And Franklin with his Eleanor. Yes, and even that cocky little Truman. But things are going grim again, I think. I feel it in my timbers. They wear the flag as their private symbol to exclude people, by geography, by class, by race. What's gone wrong?

Old Abe has a sense of these things. Let's ask him.

(You could see the flash on the Virginia side, now, and then hear the boomity-bang seconds later. Like cannon. Suddenly I heard a cheery, prairie voice over the treetops.)

Memorial: Proud to see you, Monument! And you, Mansion! Still those long, lonely corridors? How's the little man inside? Ah well, he's like the rest, I reckon; come to Washington newly elected, all confident and eager to serve God's will. And neither he, nor the preacher, nor his wife, can figger what it is. (How is it that others, without trying, always know God's will while you, aching and praying, can't ever quite be sure?) And free advice. There's always folks who can tell you how to take Richmond.

Mansion: We think it's one of those times again, Abe. Flags, patriotism – suspicion.

Memorial: I know. They even thought my wife, Mary, with her Southern relations, was a spy.

Mansion: It's the Fourth again. There'll be a celebrated entertainer here, and a preacher. *And* fireworks.

Memorial: Henry Ward Beecher was the Reverend in my time. The joker was Petroleum V. Nasby, a comical cuss. We can always use jokes and prayers, particularly when they're hitched tandem, like sumpter mules.

Monument: By the Eternal, Abe! They talked patriotism at Philadelphia when what we needed was warm underwear!

Mansion: There, there, Monument, don't shake so; you'll drop a block of granite. But what is it, Abe; what's troubling them?

Memorial: I believe, friends, that it's a case of conscience. They've done something wrong they're sorry for. My Tad was so sometimes, but you could always reason with a boy. They think to rid themselves of guilt by flags and liturgy. Cloth can make as good an idol as gold. What it does for 'em I never could decide. Some kneel to it, and get up better men; some jest kneel – and rise up thanking God they are more patriotic than the next man.

Mansion: We know one like that now, I fear, driving wedges into people's doubts and hates. His opponents are "rejoicing in America's defeat," he says.

(A drop of rain hit me but I felt I ought to stay.)

Monument: Many things you said, Abe, aren't carved in that marble cave of yours. You tried to mend the split, not widen it. In that first speech you made before the Capitol, with its half-finished dome, when your old enemy, Douglas, held your stove-pipe hat, you made an appeal. And you ended:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The rain started in earnest, and I ran.

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Nixon to Congress: The War's My Business

"All Americans of all kinds including advisers will be out of Cambodia by the end of June," President Nixon told his May 8 news conference, adding that he "would expect that the South Vietnamese would come out approximately at the same time as we do, because when we come out our logistical support and air support will also come out with them." The syntax wasn't good but the meaning was clear. The Thieu government in Saigon strenuously objected, however. Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky said that the notion of a South Vietnamese withdrawal from Cambodia by a fixed date was "a silly argument of silly people." So Mr. Nixon amended his silly argument, saying on June 3 that South Vietnamese military activity in Cambodia would "be determined by the actions of the enemy." His statement about "all Americans" still stood, however – until last week, when Defense Secretary Melvin Laird mentioned in London that although "every American ground combat troop" would be out of Cambodia on June 30, the South Vietnamese would be free to operate anywhere in that country. Most observers in Cambodia believe the South Vietnamese there will continue to need and will get US logistical as well as air support, and Laird's choice of phrase suggests there may also be American "advisers." So things are going pretty much as was feared, except that the Cambodian Lon Nol government is collapsing faster, and all Cambodia is becoming a battleground sooner. And as his contribution to the silly argument, Vice President Agnew criticized Congress for "trying to hobble the Commander-in-Chief" in the task of protecting 400,000 American troops, who need protecting because the Commander-in-Chief keeps them in Indochina.

President Nixon stands foursquare on his claimed right to put American troops where he chooses. The House of Representatives goes along with that, standing ready to strangle any initiative by the Senate to reclaim the authority of Congress to declare if and when we are to go to war. As far as the majority of the United States senators are concerned, such initiative is not forthcoming anyway. The fussing senators split hairs, while the war widens. The hair-splitting suits the Administration, for its aim always has been to shove the debate off the front pages, isolate and shoot down the dissenters. That way, the President hopes to keep what he believes,

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doubtless sincerely, he ought to have – a completely free hand for himself and the Pentagon to win what he calls "a just peace," by which is meant a replication of the South Korean situation. There, almost 20 years after the fighting ended, a tentative hint about withdrawing even a portion of the 50,000 American troops evokes frantic alarm from the government in Seoul. The important difference between South Korea and Indochina is that the latter would swallow up five times as many "noncombat" American troops, who nevertheless might not be able to keep Thieu afloat.

The effect of Senator Robert Byrd's resolution, which the Senate last week approved by 79 votes to five, is to bind Congress to any steps the President sees fit to take to "protect" American forces, "wherever deployed." (Where aren't they?) The Byrd resolution puts Mr. Nixon even further beyond responsible legislative restraint. He sent US forces into another country without consulting Congress; under the resolution, he can do it again, any time, any place. Senator Byrd does ask that, next time, Mr. Nixon tell Congress first – unless the President deems the situation is "a dire emergency." (When isn't it?) Mr. Nixon and his predecessors secretly engaged American forces in Laos; Congress was told nothing.

The Church-Cooper resolution, which the Senate has yet to vote on, does little to limit the President's freedom to make war where and when he wants; it accepts both proxy wars and "hot pursuit," again putting Congress entirely in the President's hands. Nor does repealing the 1964 "Tonkin Gulf" resolution change anything. The Administration said in March that it was not depending on that resolution "as legal or constitutional authority" for its intervention in Indochina. The resolution simply said that Congress "approves and supports the determination of the President, as Commander-in-Chief," to "prevent further aggression." President Johnson secured this blank check by such honeyed assurances as that "we are not about to send American boys 9,000 to 10,000 miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves." Nevertheless, the wording implied plainly that he had the power to do exactly that.

Mr. Nixon is ready to accept congressional consent to his actions, but he feels no need of its sanction, and does not seek it. He went into Cambodia, he said, to "clean out the sanctuaries" so as to "protect" American forces in Vietnam; now, with all Cambodia a battlefield, he has a much bigger flank to protect. The Administration has made constitutional powers the issue, and the legislators who want the war ended must meet it head on. The McGovern-Hatfield resolution would use Congress's still unchallenged power of the purse to get us out of Laos and Cambodia and to protect US forces by withdrawing them from Vietnam by a definite date. How else can Congress assert that the constitutional power to make and unmake war is not the exclusive prerogative of the White House?

Bankrupt

To keep Penn Central's 94,000 employees on the job, the railroad's president, Paul Gorman, assured them that they would continue to be paid and that the bankruptcy proceeding did not mean the end of the Penn Central by any means. Other railroads, he said, had undergone reorganization and been restored to health. Although a few banks briefly refused to cash the company's payroll checks last week, workers seemed to buy Gorman's optimism. Still . . . in March 1969, a year after the merger of the Pennsylvania and New York Central, the company's former chairman, Stuart Saunders, said "I think that our service problems have bottomed out, that we have turned the corner. In fact I know we have. . . . We are convinced we can make our railroad operation profitable as the efficiencies and economies of our merger accumulate." What accumulated instead were debts, and the company is bankrupt in the legal sense that corporations use the term.

When an individual declares bankruptcy, he's on the rack, and there's not much left for him by the time his creditors have finished. The immediate effect of filing for reorganization under section 77 of the Bankruptcy Act, is that a corporation can hold up payments of some of its bills and taxes, while the courts begin a reorganization process that could take 30 years. In Penn Central's case, the railroad is the profitless subsidiary of a company that has $7 billion in assets, much of it in New York real estate, including the Yale Club, the Biltmore, Barclay, Commodore and Roosevelt hotels, the land under the Waldorf Astoria, and rights for railroad tracks running under the Pan Am building. Penn Central has no intention of selling its profitable holdings to pay back loans, $75-million of which reportedly fall due this month.

The Penn Central Transportation Company chose bankruptcy because Wright Patman, the chairman of the House Banking Commitee threatened to block a congressional $750 million rescue operation in loans to sick railroads, if the Administration persisted in separate plans to guarantee $200 million in loans to Penn Central. Patman, who hates banks, figured that the government might lose its money, without providing any real solution to the railroad's problems. The loans were to have been guaranteed under provisions of the Defense Protection Act, on the paper-thin pretext that Penn Central's services are vital to military security. Patman, and the Administration's reluctance to risk conflict of interest charges (Penn Central is represented by Nixon's old law firm) stopped the deal.

Bankruptcy does not mean going out of business. The railroad anticipates meeting its payroll and other obligations necessary to keep its shabby trains running in their usual sluggish fashion. (The New Haven took the same bankruptcy route nearly ten years ago and continues to operate as part of the Penn Central sys-

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tem.) Bankruptcy for Penn Central means a temporary easing of difficulties, that's all. Penn Central, which Sen. Claiborne Pell has called a "constipated monster," is the largest of a number of financially troubled railroads which more and more claim reliance on government assistance to maintain passenger services considered (not always by the railroads) to be in the public interest. Nationalizing the railroads, as an AFL-CIO union has suggested may be the answer. We don't know. For Congress has yet to put its mind to basic questions: what kind of rail transport will we need, where, for whom, and who's to pay for it?

The Fourth of July That Was

Who owns the Fourth of July? That is the question underlying the gala being planned by friends of the President, who, in spite of their protest to the contrary, seem bent on wrapping it up and laying it at the White House door as an expression of support for Cambodia.

Washington needs another demonstration approximately the way it needs a new tug-of-war over our patriotic symbols. Already, the flag is being torn apart between those who burn it and those who use it to beat peace demonstrators over the head.

Couldn't we leave the Fourth of July alone?

In my childhood in Roslindale, a very hard-working class suburb of Boston, Independence Day was the pleasantest, least demanding, most unifying holiday of the year.

For the other 364 days, we were more conscious of our parents' nationality than our own. The Germans occupied the top of Metropolitan Hill, the Irish held the brow, and the Italians who were looked down on by the others, lived down in the valley.

There was one Jewish family in our neighborhood. The two daughters, bright and gentle girls, were formally expelled from our little club, which met weekly in the cellar of Elizabeth Kittora, whose father was a silent and forbidding Swiss watchmaker. I was seven at the time, and it was my first taste of anti-Semitism, which later engulfed our little world.

Our letter-carrier, Mr. Green, was of the opinion, which he delivered with the mail – except at our house, because our dog, Zippy, hated people who carried things – that the Masons were robbing the Catholics of their place in the sun. It was a theory that took no account of the fact that all the city offices were in the grip of Irish politicians who rose and fell by favor of Cardinal O'Connell. Later, Mr. Green began to think the Jews were at the bottom of everything, and later still, guided by the Sunday broadcasts of Father Coughlin, he discovered the Red Menace and lived with it happily the rest of his life.

My father, who was a reader, was soft on the English, and did not share the general, fierce feelings of "Yankee" oppression. Resentment of British tyranny was, in a way, our one bond with the colonists, who had come so many centuries before us, and we learned to memorize "One if by land and two if by sea" and "By the rude bridge that arched the flood" at school.

Ecumenism was unthinkable in those days. In fact, only the more tolerant thought we would meet our Protestant neighbors in heaven, although it was generously conceded that Mr. Stone was a fine man. International marriages were the subject of heated discussion. The city hall clerk's Irish daughter married the carpenter's Italian son. The mothers had seen each other at the Perpetual Novena at the Sacred Heart Church, so they had something to talk about, after all.

The hairdresser was Armenian, a dark and somber woman who regaled her clients with tales of Turkish atrocities as she grimly pressed in the marcel waves. We knew no Turks, but we believed the worst about them.

But on the Fourth of July, we laid all our prejudices and divisions aside and we foregathered at Tupper's Field to eat free ice cream and listen to Henry Osterlind read the Declaration of Independence and watch a parade of crepe-paper costumed Indians, Pilgrims and the inevitable bloody-haired drummer boys.

Henry Osterlind was teacher's pet in every grade of the Phineas Bates School, passed out the papers, erased the blackboard, was always the monitor. He was a curly-haired, blue-eyed, preternaturally neat boy, heartily despised by his peer group, and I can remember Georgie Farrell firing his cap pistol into the ground in mute furious dissent and being glared at by his elders, who were enjoying the solemn, mysterious business of being Americans.

The only fear of the Fourth of July was that some boy would blow off his thumb with a four-inch salute, and there were many cautionary tales. Otherwise, the heat was off. You didn't have to say anything, you didn't have to do anything. You could forget where you came from and be content to be where you were, Americans at last, "endowed with certain unalienable rights," all united for once and actually engaged in "the pursuit of happiness." That's what the Fourth of July is all about, or should be.

Mary McGrory

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The Nixon Watch

Rearranging Furniture

Secretary of Labor George P. Shultz was conducting a meeting of the Cabinet Committee on School Desegregation in the Executive Office Building, next door to the White House, when he was told on the afternoon of June 4 that two of the President's assistants, John D. Ehrlichman and H. R. Haldeman, wanted to see him. The circumstances and the message were not unusual. Shultz was the vice chairman of the committee and he lately had spent so much time on it and on other Presidential assignments, many of which came to him through Ehrlichman or Haldeman, that his subordinates at the Labor Department had begun to say with some irritation that he might as well move to the White House and become by title what he was close to being in fact, a staff assistant to the President.

When Shultz joined Ehrlichman and Haldeman in Haldeman's office in the West Wing of the White House, just down the hall from Mr. Nixon's Oval Office, they gave him a piece of news that any other President might have been expected to impart in person to his Secretary of Labor. They told him that the President had decided to make him the director of the new Office of Management and Budget, which was to replace the old Bureau of the Budget on July 1. He was to be considered a member of the President's senior staff, he was to have the prestige of a West Wing office, and no less a personage than Caspar Weinberger, the chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, was to be the deputy director of OMB. Weinberger, who after only five months at FTC was well along with a thorough reorganization of it, would relieve Shultz of much of the administrative burden at OMB and free him for the larger task of monitoring and improving management wherever improvement seemed to be needed throughout the federal bureaucracy. Shultz later gave his astonished associates at the Labor Department the impression that Ehrlichman and Haldeman didn't ask him to take the job; in effect, they told him on behalf of the President to take it. He said that the news hit him like "a bombshell" and he added, "I was in no position to refuse," a remark that indicated to his friends at Labor that he obeyed the President's command with something less than total glee. His wife told an interviewer that she was shocked and that, with the family buying a new house just then, she was unhappy about the cut in salary from a Cabinet Secretary's $60,000 to the OMB director's $42,500 a year.

It was the beginning, secret at the time, of topside shifts that within a week gave the Nixon White House at least the appearance of a new facade. The next day the President ordered his friend and associate of many years, Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Robert H. Finch, to relinquish that post and tapped Under Secretary of State Elliott Richardson to replace him at HEW. Finch moved to the White House, into a West Wing office next to Ehrlichman's and around a corner from the one prepared for Shultz. Both Finch, now a Counsellor to the President, and Shultz were appointed to the new Domestic Council, a Cabinet-level body authorized in the same reorganization act that established the OMB. (One sees why they didn't call it the Bureau of Management and Budget – BOMB.) The Domestic Council is intended to do in the preparation of domestic policy alternatives and recommendations for the President more or less what the National Security Council does or is supposed to do in matters of foreign policy. John Ehrlichman, already the President's assistant for domestic affairs, is the Domestic Council's executive director and, in its policy area, the counterpart of Henry Kissinger. The changes, institutional and personal, bring to a climax but predictably do not terminate Mr. Nixon's tireless endeavor to prove that the federal government can be managed efficiently – and to prove also that, as he maintains with uncharacteristic passion, efficient management is the key to making it the "more responsive and the more effective government" that he says "the people deserve."

The institutional changes, important though they were, interested and preoccupied Mr. Nixon's White House people much less than the personal changes did. For this there were reasons that went beyond a predilection for gossip.

It is accepted at the White House that the transfer of Robert Finch was primarily a rescue operation. It was timed to save him from the difficulties of administering a huge department that had brought him to the verge of collapse and, by the same shift, to place HEW in the charge of a Secretary who was thought to be a strong administrator. Shultz, an academic specialist in economics and industrial relations and management before he was brought to Washington from the University of Chicago last year, was transferred from Labor to the White House primarily because he had impressed the President with a diversity of talents for management and for the analysis of policy and administrative problems. He is expected, as the President said and as the reorganization act envisages, to superimpose upon the replaced bureau's budgetary responsibilities an overriding responsibility for improving federal management at every level, whether by internal reform of departments and agencies or by reorganization and consolidation of some of them.

But there was more to the reassignments of Finch and Shultz than these reasons indicate. Mr. Nixon was in need of men like them at the White House, both for public effect and the effect upon restive and doubting people on his own staff and elsewhere in government.

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I have written of the recent awakening at the White House to the realities, the breadth, and the gravity of dissent in America. There has been an awakening as well to the fact that the hard face turned to America from the White House by the Administration's Agnews, its John Mitchells, its hardly known but somehow sensed young pragmatists from advertising, the law, Wall Street and journalism aggravated the dissent and the problems it was making for Mr. Nixon, who had proved to be a considerable aggravator in his own right. The same face, the harsh conservatism that it projected, was also making trouble for the President within his own establishment. Cambodia compounded the trouble. Three of Henry Kissinger's young men quit, partly because of the Cambodia decision, and the departure of two senior Kissinger assistants for other reasons was made less painful for them by that decision. Arthur Klabenoff, a talented young assistant to Counsellor Daniel P. Moynihan, left in quiet protest. A substantial number of other White House assistants, mostly young and including some of the brightest people in the place, were audibly wondering whether and how long they could abide what seemed to them to be repellent turns in both domestic and foreign policy and the emphasis placed upon those turns by the Agnew rhetoric. The doubts and discontents were shared by men who on occasion work directly for the President and he must have been aware that he might be embarrassed by a small but noticeable wave of resignations.

Something had to be done and Mr. Nixon did it with the appointment of Shultz and Finch to the White House staff. Both of them are men of moderate cast, liberals by the Nixon standard. The effect, however incidental it may have been to the President's primary purposes, was instantaneous and unmistakable. The men of whom I write – it would be a useless disservice to them and to the country to name them – took immediate heart. They read into both appointments (rather wishfully, I suspect) a signal that the President meant well according to their lights, after all, and even that he himself and his basic policies might be changing for what they consider to be better. Even the Vice President, they thought they had reason to hope, might be toning down his more divisive rhetoric and becoming, if not bearable, at least not altogether unbearable.

There were other aspects, less interesting but worthy of note. How, for instance, would John Ehrlichman and George Shultz get along in what had previously seemed to be a single role of domestic dominance for Ehrlichman but must now become a dual role? The guess encouraged at the White House, and probably a sound one, is that they will get along well enough. John Ehrlichman, who was an obscure Seattle attorney specializing in zoning and land-use law until Mr. Nixon installed him at the White House, has the faculty of attracting power to himself without overtly grabbing for it and he strikes the assistants who work with him as the sort of man who won't fight against a reasonable sharing of it with Director Shultz. By the terms of the reorganization act, and by the President's plainly stated wish, Ehrlichman heads the "institutional staff" through which all formal domestic policy recommendations, presumably including those from Shultz, must pass on the way to the Oval Office. Most people at the White House expected Ehrlichman to enlarge his already substantial staff, once the Domestic Council came into being, and that in fact was his intention until Shultz was assigned to OMB and the White House. Now Ehrlichman is planning to cut back his present staff, trimming it down to the assistants whom he considers to be particularly adept at policy formulation, and transferring to Shultz (if he will take them) the ones who are identified in the main as "operators." With this canny approach, Ehrlichman simultaneously strengthens his claim to the formal policy role and allays the suspicions of domestic Cabinet Secretaries who may have feared that he would stand more firmly than he does now between them and the President. Shultz in his new capacity could be the assistant they really have to worry about, but his equable and easy temperament is such that they probably will give him the benefit of the doubt until further notice.

A recent episode, well known to them all, indicates that the further notice is bound to come if Shultz does the job of managerial monitoring that the President expects him to do. At the President's request, Shultz played an active part in the handling of the recent postal strikes in New York City and elsewhere. Postmaster General Winton (Red) Blount tolerated Shultz's participation so long as the crisis was acute and the President was in overall charge of handling it. Once the strikes began to subside and the President withdrew, Blount made it known that Shultz should go back to Labor and leave the Post Office Department to the Postmaster General. Shultz did, although the wage negotiations that then ensued could have been said to be in his bailiwick. Others at the White House, Ehrlichman included, anticipate that similar frictions are certain to develop as Shultz gets into the swing of managerial oversight. People with a taste for such conflicts are awaiting the day when Director Shultz tells George Romney, the crusty Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, that his department could use some administrative reform along Shultz lines.

There also is bound to be pain among the professional budgeteers of the replaced and expanded Budget Bureau. But they are nothing to the pain that Mr. Nixon will suffer if the possibility that he showed himself to be aware of when he announced Shultz's appointment is realized. The President remarked that the creation of OMB "will have been a great mistake" if it turns out to be "just another layer on the top of too much government already."

John Osborne

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Recommended Congressional Candidates (Revised)

There follow the names of candidates for Congress this year who, judged from statements and/or votes, favor rapid military disengagement from Indochina and the upgrading of nonmilitary priorities in the allocation of national resources. The list is not complete, and obviously, all candidates not listed are not pro-war. In a few instances, there is more than one acceptable candidate running in a Congressional District. Incumbents are so identified. We have considered candidates' views on the Riegle-Fraser Resolution in the House (#1000), which would limit Vietnam expenditures to what's needed to safely withdraw combat and support troops by June 1971; and provide no fiscal '71 Defense funds for US support troops in Cambodia or Laos. Equal consideration has been given to the stand of senatorial candidates on the Hatfield-McGovern Resolution, which similarly provides for a cut-off on Indochina military funding. The candidates recommended vary in their effectiveness and in the zeal with which they serve the ends of peace, racial justice, jobs, decent housing, cleaner cities and air and water. If elected, some will disappoint us; others will be better than expected. They are running for Congress, not canonization. Some candidates do not appear here who are preferable to their opponents, but who haven't thus far expressed a clear-cut attitude on legislative responsibility for ending the war.

STATE	RACE	CANDIDATE	ADDRESS	PRIMARY DATE
Alaska	Senate	Wendell P. Kay D.	Anchorage	August 25
	Senate	Joe Josephson D.	Pouch V, Juneau	August 25
Arizona	Senate	Sam Grossman D.	1703 W. Bethany Home Rd., Phoenix	
	CD 2	Morris Udall D. (Inc)	232 Federal Bldg., Tucson	
California	Senate	John Tunney D.	3136 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles	
	CD 1	William Kortum D.	180 Ely Rd., Petaluma	
	CD 3	John E. Moss D. (Inc)	8056 Federal Bldg., Sacramento	
	CD 4	Roger Leggett D. (Inc)	1522 Tennessee St., Vallejo	
	CD 5	Phil Burton D. (Inc)	11152 Federal Office Bldg. 450 Golden Gate, San Francisco	
	CD 7	Ronald V. Dellums D.	1880 San Pedro Ave., Berkeley	
	CD 9	Don Edwards D. (Inc)	1961 The Alameda, San Jose	
	CD 10	Stuart McLean D.	1341 Tasso St., Palo Alto	
	CD 11	Paul McCloskey Jr. R. (Inc)	1725 South El Camino, San Mateo	
	CD 13	Gary Hart D.	1522-A State St., Santa Barbara	
	CD 14	Jerome R. Waldie D. (Inc)	P.O. Box 864, Concord	
	CD 15	Al Culhane D.	P.O. Box 4132, Stockton	
	CD 21	Augustus F. Hawkins D. (Inc)	8563 S. Broadway, Los Angeles	
	CD 24	Myrlie Evers D.	401 Harvard, Claremont	
	CD 26	Thomas N. Rees D. (Inc)	816 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles	
	CD 30	Edward R. Roybal D. (Inc)	1860 E. First St., Los Angeles	
	CD 31	Charles H. Wilson D. (Inc)	300 E. Hillcrest Blvd., Inglewood	
Colorado	CD 1	Craig Barnes D.	756 Madison, Denver	Sept. 8
	CD 2	Richard Gebhardt D.	Suite 300, University Bldg., Boulder	
	CD 4	Richard A. Perchlik D.	1721 13th Ave., Greeley	
Connecticut	Senate	Joseph Duffey D.	924 Farmington Ave., West Hartford	August 19
	CD 6	Ella Grasso D.	Windsor Locks	
Georgia	CD 5	Andrew Young D.	41 Exchange Place, S.E., Atlanta	Sept. 9
Hawaii	At Large	Patsy Mink D. (Inc)	346-348 Federal Bldg., Honolulu	
Idaho	CD 1	William J. Brauner D.	P.O. Box 130, Caldwell	
Illinois	Senate	Adlai Stevenson III D.	18 North Clark St., Chicago	
	CD 2	Abner Mikva D. (Inc)	2310 E. 79th St., Chicago	

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	CD 9	Sidney Yates D. (Inc)	219 S. Dearborn St., Rm. 1826, Chicago	
	CD 12	James Cone D.	451 W. Hawthorne Ct., Lake Bluff	
	CD 13	Ed Warman D.	219 S. Dearborn, Rm. 1826, Chicago	
	CD 22	Robert Miller D.	409 Greggs, Urbana	
Indiana	Senate	Vance Hartke D. (Inc)	Sheraton-Lincoln Motor Inn 117 W. Washington St., Indianapolis	
	CD 2	Phil Sprague D.	2600 Bell Plaine Trail, Long Beach, Michigan City	
	CD 4	Edward Roush D.	2340 College Ave., Huntington	
	CD 5	Katie Williams D.	Rural Route 1, Walton	
	CD 6	Terry Straub D.	4835 N. Illinois, Indianapolis	
	CD 7	Finley Campbell (Peace and Freedom Party)	605 Crawford St., Crawfordville	
	CD 10	Philip Sharp D.	1125 South A St., Elwood	
	CD 11	Andrew Jacobs Jr. D. (Inc)	c/o Mrs. Julia Carson, 222 East Ohio St., Room 601, Indianapolis	
Iowa	CD 1	Edward Mezvinsky D.	210 So. Clinton St., Iowa City	
	CD 4	Roger Blobaum D.	301 Seneca, Creston	
Kansas	CD 3	James De Coursey D.	P.O. Box 701, Shawnee Mission	
Kentucky	CD 3	Ron Mozzoli D.	Commonwealth Bldg., Louisville	
	CD 4	Charles Webster D.	3006 Hikes Lane, Louisville	
Maine	Senate	Edmund S. Muskie D. (Inc)	112 Main St., Waterville	
	CD 2	William D. Hathaway D. (Inc)	145 Lisbon St., Lewiston	
Maryland	Senate	Joseph Tydings D. (Inc)	336 N. Charles Street, Baltimore	
	CD 4	Paul S. Sarbanes D.	344 East 33rd St., Baltimore	Sept. 15
	CD 5	Royal Hart D.	5000-A Berwyn Rd., College Park	Sept. 15
	CD 7	Parran Mitchell D.	951 Brooks Lane, Baltimore	Sept. 15
	CD 8	Gilbert Gude R. (Inc)	7401 Wisconsin Ave. #503, Bethesda	
Massachusetts	Senate	Edward M. Kennedy D. (Inc)	2400 John F. Kennedy Bldg. Government Center, Boston	
	CD 1	John J. Fitzgerald	40 Gates St., Holyoke	Sept. 15
	CD 2	Edward D. Boland D. (Inc)	Rm. 100, New Federal Office Bldg., Springfield	
	CD 3	Robert F. Drinan D.	15 Elm St., Waltham	
	CD 5	Bradford Morse R. (Inc)	15 Kearney Sq., Lowell	
	CD 6	Michael J. Harrington D. (Inc)	c/o Dennis Healey, Salem P.O. Bldg., Salem	
	CD 7	Torbert Macdonald D. (Inc)	63 Appleton St., Malden	
	CD 8	Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. D. (Inc)	2200-A J. F. Kennedy Federal Bldg., Boston	
	CD 9	Daniel Houton D.	5 Bayside St., Dorchester	Sept. 15
	CD 9	John Saltonstall D.	60 State St., Rm. 301, Boston	Sept. 15
	CD 10	Bertram A. Yaffe D.	P.O. Box 1031, Fall River	Sept. 15
	CD 12	Gerry Studds D.	16 Black Horse Lane, Cohasset	
Michigan	Senate	Philip Hart D. (Inc)	1539 E. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit	
	CD 1	John Conyers, Jr. D. (Inc)	Federal Bldg., 231 Lafayette Blvd., Detroit	August 4
	CD 2	Bruce W. Neal D.	4215 Shetland Dr., Ann Arbor	August 4
	CD 2	Marvin L. Esch R. (Inc)	200 E. Huron St., Ann Arbor	August 4
	CD 4	William Ruttledge D.	1704 Niles Ave., St. Joseph	August 4
	CD 6	John A. Cihon D.	803 W. Washington, Jackson	
	CD 7	Charles W. Riegle, Jr. R. (Inc)	425 Detroit St., Flint	August 4
	CD 13	Charles C. Diggs, Jr. D. (Inc)	1201 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit	
	CD 14	Lucien N. Nedzi D. (Inc)	2930 Holbrook, Detroit	
	CD 15	William D. Ford D. (Inc)	c/o Theodore Monolidis, 3476 Penobscot Bldg., Detroit	
	CD 18	James Elsman D.	4811 Burnley Dr., Bloomfield Hills	August 4
	CD 18	Annetta Miller D.	25456 Wareham, Huntington Woods	August 4
	CD 19	Franklin Z. Adell D.	43700 Adell Blvd., Novi	August 4
	CD 19	Ronald Hecker D.	19947 Maplewood, Livonia	August 4
Minnesota	Senate	Earl Craig D.	1645 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis	Sept. 15
	CD 3	George Rice D.	14203 Woodhaven Rd., Hopkins	
	CD 4	Joseph Karth D. (Inc)	c/o John Costello—Elmer Fox Co. CPA 1st National Bank, St. Paul	

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	CD 5	Don Fraser D. (Inc)	180 Federal Court Bldg., Minneapolis	
	CD 6	Terry Montgomery D.	Route 1, Sauk Rapids	
	CD 7	Bob Bergland D.	Box 866, Moorhead	
	CD 8	John Blatnik D. (Inc)	412 Federal Bldg., Duluth	
Missouri	Senate	Stuart Symington D. (Inc)	P.O. Box 2009, Jefferson City	
	CD 1	William Clay D. (Inc)	P.O. Box 4575, St. Louis	August 4
	CD 2	James W. Symington D. (Inc)	10 South Brentwood, Clayton	August 4
	CD 4	William M. Hannay D.	P.O. Box 1035, 225 North Osage, Independence	August 4
	CD 8	Clyde Wilson D.	P.O. Box 268, Columbia	August 4
Montana	Senate	Mike Mansfield D. (Inc)	c/o Joe Meglen, 2822 Third Ave., North, Billings	
	CD 1	Arnold Olsen D. (Inc)	c/o Frank Roe, 62 W. Broadway, Butte	
Nevada	At Large	Otto Ravenholt	1306 Denver St., Boulder City	Sept. 1
New Jersey	CD 4	Frank Thompson D. (Inc)	383 West State St., Trenton	
	CD 5	Ronald C. Eisele D.	351 Woodland Rd., Madison	
	CD 7	Arthur Lesemann D.	189 Main St., Hackensack	
	CD 8	Robert Roe D. (Inc)	Main P.O. Bldg., 194 Ward St., Paterson	
	CD 9	Henry Helstoski D. (Inc)	22 Walter Court, Rutherford	
	CD 10	Peter Rodino, Jr. D. (Inc)	970 Broad St., Newark	
	CD 11	Joseph G. Minish D. (Inc)	308 Main St., Orange	
	CD 11	James W. Shue R.	217 Turell Ave., South Orange	
	CD 12	Daniel F. Lundy D.	4 Elm St., Westfield	
	CD 14	Dominick Daniels D. (Inc)	Main P.O. Bldg., Union City	
New Mexico	CD 1	Fabian Chavez D.	Box 122, Santa Fe	
New York	Senate	Charles E. Goodell R. (Inc)	1110 East 45th St., Room 400, New York City	
		Richard Ottinger D.	117 West 46th St., New York City	
	CD 3	Lester L. Wolff D. (Inc)	156-A Main St., Port Washington	
	CD 4	Karen Burstein D.	62 Causeway, Lawrence, L.I.	
	CD 5	Allard Lowenstein D. (Inc)	2429 S. Grand Ave., Baldwin	
	CD 6	Seymour Halpern R. (Inc)	89-31 161st St., Jamaica	
	CD 7	Joseph B. Addabbo D. (Inc)	96-11 101 Ave., Ozone Park	
	CD 8	Benjamin Rosenthal D. (Inc)	41-65 Main St., Flushing	
	CD 11	Frank J. Brasco D. (Inc)	1449 Rockaway Pkwy., Brooklyn	
	CD 12	Shirley Chisholm D. (Inc)	587 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn	
	CD 13	Bertram L. Podell D. (Inc)	1507 Ave. M., Brooklyn	
	CD 14	Peter Eikenberry Liberal Party	178 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn	
	CD 15	Hugh L. Carey D. (Inc)	225 US Federal Court House Suite 699A, Cadman Plaza East, Brooklyn	
	CD 17	Edward I. Koch D. (Inc)	218 3rd Ave., New York City	
	CD 18	Charles Rangel D.	2090 Seventh Ave., New York City	
	CD 19	Bella Abzug D.	61 Christopher St., New York	
	CD 20	William F. Ryan D. (Inc)	1040 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City	
	CD 21	Herman Badillo D.	Grand Concourse Plaza, East 161st St., Bronx	
	CD 22	James H. Scheuer D. (Inc)	2071 White Plains Rd., Bronx	
	CD 23	Jonathan B. Bingham D. (Inc)	1 East Fordham Road, Bronx	
	CD 26	Ogden Reid R. (Inc)	203 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains	
	CD 27	John Dow D.	195 River Road, Nyack	
	CD 29	Edward A. Fox D.	1429 Dean St., Schenectady	
	CD 29	Daniel Button R. (Inc)	Box 1970, Schenectady	
	CD 30	Edward W. Pattison D.	22 First St., Troy	
	CD 33	David Bernstein D.	73 State St., Binghamton	
	CD 33	Howard W. Robison R. (Inc)	2 North Ave., Owego	
	CD 35	Harvey Bates D.	330 Ostrom Ave., Syracuse	
	CD 36	Frank Horton R. (Inc)	107 Federal Bldg., Rochester	
	CD 41	Hugh Carmichael D.	Main and Edward St., Buffalo	
North Carolina	CD 4	Nick Galifianakis D.	2648 University Dr., Durham	
Ohio	Senate	Howard Metzenbaum D.	7 S. High St., Columbus	
	CD 1	Bailey Turner D.	3967 Abington, Cincinnati	

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	CD 2	Gerald Springer D.	972 Thunderbird Dr., Cincinnati	
	CD 3	Charles W. Whalen, Jr. R. (Inc)	315 P.O. Bldg., Dayton	
	CD 7	Joseph D. Lewis D.	P.O. Box 382, Wilberforce	
	CD 10	Doug Arnett D.	Old Coach Rd., Athens	
	CD 11	Ralph Rudd D.	38220 South St., Willoughby	
	CD 12	James Goodrich D.	P.O. Box 184, Columbus	
	CD 13	Charles A. Mosher R. (Inc)	517 East 28 St., Lorain	
	CD 14	John Seiberling, Jr. D.	2370 Martin Rd., Akron	
	CD 15	Manley L. McGee D.	2808 Downing Way, Columbus	
	CD 16	Virgil Musser D.	Room 510, Massillon Bldg., Massillon	
	CD 21	Louis Stokes D. (Inc)	Room 2947, New Federal Bldg., Cleveland	
	CD 22	Charles Vanik D. (Inc)	718 Leader Bldg., Cleveland	
Oregon	CD 1	Vernon Cook D.	519 N.E. 4th St., Gresham	
	CD 2	Al Ullman D. (Inc)	Main Post Office, 150 Church St., N.E., Box 247, Salem	
Pennsylvania	CD 1	William A. Barrett D. (Inc)	2401 Wharton St., Philadelphia	
	CD 2	Robert N. C. Nix D. (Inc)	2139 North 22nd St., Philadelphia	
	CD 4	Joshua Eilberg D. (Inc)	1522 Longshore Ave., Philadelphia	
	CD 5	William J. Greene D. (Inc)	9th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia	
	CD 8	Arthur Hennessy D.	168 Forest Ave., Southampton	
	CD 14	William S. Moorhead D. (Inc)	2005 Federal Bldg., Pittsburgh	
	CD 15	Fred B. Rooney D. (Inc)	405 East 4th St., Bethlehem	
	CD 19	Arthur L. Berger D.	406 Deanhurst Ave., Camp Hill	
	CD 27	Douglas Walgren D.	20 Terraceview Dr., Pittsburgh	
Rhode Island	CD 1	Fernand J. St. Germaine D. (Inc)	200 Custom House, Providence	
	CD 2	Robert O. Tiernan D. (Inc)	307 Post Office Annex, Providence	
South Dakota	CD 2	James Abourezk	607½ Mt. Rushmore Rd., Rapid City	
Tennessee	Senate	Albert Gore D. (Inc)	c/o Jack Robinson, 23rd Floor, Life and Casualty Tower, Nashville	
	CD 2	Roger Cowan D.	Lake Forest Rd. West, Nashville	
	CD 6	Raymond Gibbs D.	107 Professional Bldg., Murfreesboro	August 6
	CD 9	Michael M. Osborn D.	459 Meadowcrest Circle, Memphis	
Texas	CD 8	Bob Eckhardt D. (Inc)	1741 Longworth Bldg., Washington	
Utah	Senate	Frank Moss D. (Inc)	65 East Fourth South, Salt Lake City	
Vermont	Senate	Philip Hoff D.	109 S. Winoski, Burlington	
Virginia	Senate	George Rawlings D.	Box 3305, College Station, Fredericksburg	July 14
	CD 2	Joseph Fitzpatrick D.	136 Cherry St., Norfolk	July 14
	CD 4	Ben Ragsdale Ind.	P.O. Box 1007, Petersburg	July 14
	CD 6	Roy R. White D.	P.O. Box 4351, Roanoke	July 14
	CD 7	Murat Williams D.	216 Fourth St., N.E., Charlottesville	
	CD 8	Darrel Stearns D.	1670 Chimney House Rd., Reston	
	CD 10	Harold Miller D.	6377 Dockser Terrace, Falls Church	
Washington	Senate	Carl Maxey D.	c/o Roger Shell, 4722 15th NE, Seattle	Sept. 15
	CD 2	David Hughes D.	P.O. Box 2567-4, Seattle	
	CD 7	Brock Adams D. (Inc)	616 Union St., Seattle	
West Virginia	CD 4	Ken Hechler D. (Inc)	Box 816, Huntington	
Wisconsin	CD 1	Leslie Aspin D.	329 Main St., Racine	Sept. 8
	CD 1	Douglas LaFollette D.	1003 College Ave., Racine	Sept. 8
	CD 2	Robert Kastenmeier D. (Inc)	P.O. Box 336, Watertown	
	CD 3	Ted Fetting D.	River Falls State University, River Falls	Sept. 8
	CD 5	Henry S. Reuss D. (Inc)	710 N. Plankinton Ave., Milwaukee	
	CD 6	Franklin Utech D.	904 W. New York Ave., Oshkosh	Sept. 8
	CD 7	David R. Obey D. (Inc)	P.O. Box 1322, Wausau	
	CD 10	Walter Thoresen D.	Social Science Bldg., Wisconsin State University, Eau Claire	Sept. 8
Wyoming	Senate	Mike Svilar D.	317 Main St., Lander	August 18
	At Large	Teno Roncollio D.	3024 Capitol Ave., Cheyenne	

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Administration Game-Playing

Depression Ahead?

by Melville J. Ulmer

Six months before 1929's Black Friday, a distinguished Presidential Committee on Recent Economic Changes reported to Herbert Hoover that "we have a boundless field before us" and "seem only to have touched the fringe of our potentialities . . . Our situation is fortunate, our momentum is remarkable." Today we are living through the most widely advertised recession in our history. The need for a dampened economy, in order to fight inflation, has been patiently explained by President Nixon, Arthur Burns, Paul McCracken, and Herbert Stein. It was foreshadowed in campaign speeches and spelled out with appropriate statistical flourishes in the Council of Economic Advisers' annual report last February.

Of course the word "recession," not to mention "depression," are unspoken in Administration circles. The President and his advisers have expressed their hope that economic activity will flatten out, rather than turn downward. The possibility of a decline in sales and output has been freely conceded as a necessary price for curing inflation; a rise in unemployment was explicitly promised. As many businessmen, workers and investors have learned firsthand, the decline has come, perhaps a bit more briskly than advertised. Since last winter, virtually all economic indicators have dropped steadily – except unemployment and prices. How far and how long will the downturn go?

There has been no dearth of what Senator Mansfield calls "cheery statements." The official "game plan" calls for a halt in the drop this summer, after which we may expect a flattening out for the remainder of the year followed by a slow, gradual rise in the gross national product until a full employment level is reached sometime in 1972 – one would suppose before November.

Now, economic forecasting has a spotty history, even under Democrats. President Johnson's Council of Economic Advisers, in its final annual report, predicted that inflation would subside materially in 1969. One may question whether the present Council's prognostication is any more reliable. In May unemployment had reached 5 percent of the labor force. If, as planned, the gross national product remains stable for the rest of the year, the natural growth of the labor force would raise the unemployment rate to 5.8 percent, which is what several economists outside the Administration told the Joint Economic Committee of Congress earlier this month. Any material weakness could lift the rate above 6 percent.

We were told recently by the Labor Department that two of the most depressed industries this spring were ordnance and aircraft manufacturing, which happen to employ white, skilled labor almost exclusively. The amazing conclusion drawn by nearly all newspaper and TV reporters was: Unemployment Hits White, Skilled Labor Hardest. But the stubborn fact is that for the nation as a whole it is our most economically disadvantaged – blacks and the unskilled (both white and black) – who have been thrust into the front lines in the war against inflation. Unemployment rates in May were 2.1 percent for professional and technical workers, 4.6 percent for whites, 8.0 percent for blacks, and 9.1 percent for nonfarm laborers. In the five months from December to May the jobless rate rose by 1.5 percentage points for all workers, but by 2.3 percentage points for blacks and by only 0.3 percentage points for the highly skilled professional and technical employees. Thus, if overall unemployment reaches 6 percent by the end of this year, which seems quite likely, we may expect rates of from 10 to 12 percent for blacks and the unskilled. Furthermore, excessive unemployment is scheduled in the game plan to persist for more than a year *after* December, 1970. Assuming that our front line economic troops remain at their posts – placidly on welfare, if they can get it – what may we expect as the grand prize for all this sacrifice?

An end to inflation? Or more modestly, a reduction in the inflationary rate to a "tolerable" 1.5 or 2 percent per annum? A recent Brookings Institution study (*Economic Activity* 1, 1970) views such promises as illusory, and flatly labels the Administration's game plan "an exercise in futility." But the Brookings study merely reiterates and further quantifies what nearly every economist has known all along: there seems to be no logical or historical foundation for the claim that inflation can be cured, or materially retarded, by creating unemployment.

To be sure, if the brakes are held with determination, if joblessness persists and sales and output sag, the chances are that the inflationary rate will subside noticeably; it may do so in the remaining months of 1970. Raise unemployment ruthlessly enough, say to 7 or 8 percent, and price increases may stop altogether. But as output turns up, as the game plan supposes it

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will in 1971, and as the gross national product finally approaches a full employment level, as the Administration says it will in 1972, what is to prevent prices from again breaking into a gallop?

Apparently the President and his advisers believe that a year or two of relatively hard times may temper the psychology of labor unions and business, rendering them less aggressive in the market place. Recorded experience, however, provides no support for this "learn by suffering" theory. We had hard times in the recessions of 1949, 1954, 1958 and 1961, and each time prices and wages turned up briskly as soon as economic activity picked up. Even under the sternest teacher, the Great Depression, neither unions nor giant corporations were humbled; inflation gathered force steadily under the New Deal with wholesale prices making a record 7 percent leap forward in the single year, 1937.

Nor did President Nixon unsheath any new weapon in his June 17 economic address that might win the anti-inflation battle. As this journal noted ("Very Ill? Try an Aspirin," June 27) the new National Committee on Productivity will merely publicize "areas" of inflationary increases in case the public missed them. There will be no "vilifying," no fingering of particular businessmen, certainly no jawboning, emphatically no wage and price controls that could lead us to "throw away our freedom." The new Purchasing Review Board will apparently perform a similar, informational function for the federal government, telling it where its own programs may have raised prices, in case it didn't know. Even if the committee and board are used more aggressively than now supposed, there is nothing in their structure or prerogative that promises any significant impact. The emphasis, as the President made clear, is on maintaining a fiscal and monetary squeeze. Its net result, as we have just seen, will be to provide two gratuitous years of excessive unemployment, assuming the game plan goes on schedule.

But suppose it doesn't. Is it possible that the economy may slip out of control into an unprogrammed decline of nightmarish depth and stubbornness? It *is* possible. The very fact that economists are less than perfect forecasters, now as well as 40 years ago, means that the probabilities cannot be assessed with any high degree of confidence. Yet there are ominous signs.

Perhaps the most important is the gathering weakness in business investment. The amount business spends on new plant and equipment is subject to extreme variation and historically has represented the greatest single source of economic instability. Over the last several years these outlays have advanced steadily, and the Administration's own fiscal plan has been premised on an approximate continuation of that trend. But a McGraw-Hill survey disclosed last week that the average operating rate of business had fallen to 78 percent of capacity, compared with a "normal" 90 percent. Meanwhile, business inventories have been backing up, with an involuntary increase of $1.7 billion since the beginning of the year, while sales declined. Industrial production has followed a steady course downward from last summer through this May.

Originally, at the start of the year, business had informed the Commerce Department of plans to increase capital expenditures from $75.6 billion in 1969 to $82.9 billion in 1970. Later, in April, a cutback in these plans of $1.5 billion was announced. Now, in the light of the continued sag in sales and growing excess capacity, further substantial reductions seem inevitable.

A great deal depends on how much. A decline of $7 or $8 billion in the annual rate of investment from the end of 1969 to the end of 1970 would not be out of line with previous downturns under similar conditions. If it proves to be that substantial, the present recession could deepen and extend to dimensions far beyond those now envisaged by the Administration.

It would be neither fair nor informative to call the result a *great* depression, a phrase reserved for the collapse of the 1930s. A catastrophe of that magnitude could not happen again, if only because we are in a different world – with unemployment insurance, insured bank deposits, a nearly cash-basis stock market, above all a business community that welcomes (rather than resists, as it did under FDR) the fiscal measures that government can use to stop a precipitous contraction. The danger today, which can be averted, lies not in a reptition of a unique historical experience of the thirties, but in a serious recession (or depression, if you will) that would punish millions of our people, in most cases the weakest and most vulnerable, without rational purpose.

Of course, millions are being punished right now. In May, 4.1 million were out of jobs – 1.3 million more than five months earlier. The prospects for late 1970 and early 1971, if the Administration's game plan keeps reasonably close to course, are for some five million unemployed, most of whom would remain without work through much of 1972. A miscalculation could conceivably double the rate of unemployment, hit in one way or another a wider segment of the population, and make recovery far more difficult.

At a minimum, tax-financed public employment should be provided for those thrown out of work. Some form of effective government restraint on prices and wages should be established, so that the rate of inflation, and the need for "dampening" the economy, can be diminished. A reserve backlog of public projects in such segments as housing and environmental control should be readied to shore up the economy swiftly if necessary.

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Heath Does a Truman

Britain's New, Willful Prime Minister

London

Years ago in the aftermath of 1948 someone called Tom Dewey "the man who fell off the wedding cake." That was rather how Harold Wilson looked in the wake of the conservatives' totally unexpected victory June 18. Not since 1945 when Winston Churchill's fall from power was also nowhere foreseen, had there been an upset in British politics to rival it. Like their predecessors in America 22 years ago, British commentators are on a diet of crow.

Most election results can be rationalized, at least afterwards. But no one has yet succeeded in doing that convincingly with Mr. Heath's triumph. To the end of the campaign everything had seemed to be against him – his own colorless image, the nation's pride in its new-found prosperity, even the embarrassing interventions in the campaign itself of his Tory archenemy, Enoch Powell. Yet Mr. Heath did not just win; he won decisively. Revealingly enough, he has since confessed that – almost alone among the population of Britain – he had unwaveringly expected to throughout.

The confession gives a clue to the personality of Britain's new 53-year-old leader. Wholly lacking in all the normal, extrovert political gifts – he is as unimpressive in private as he is uninspiring in public – he has never allowed his limitations to undermine his self-confidence. As someone who came up the hard way (he is the first working-class leader the Conservatives have ever had) he has always been impatient of the predominantly "amateur" British political tradition. He went into politics, he likes to say, because he is "a doer" – and in the next five years the British electorate is likely to find that that is no idle boast.

Already the new Prime Minister's plans are laid for bringing management experts and business executives into the musty corridors of Whitehall – a revolutionary development in a government machine that has never known the Washington practice of "in-and-outers." Nor, as he showed, when as a cabinet minister in the last Tory government he insisted on abolishing price-fixing in the retail trade, is Edward Heath a man who listens much to criticism. Once he decides a policy is right, he has a habit of charging towards it head-on with very little regard for tact or even diplomacy.

The first major policy decision his government has made is in its way an illustration. The move to resume arms sales to South Africa may have been signalled in the Tory Party's election manifesto. Still, there were very few people among the Foreign Office's own permanent officials who dreamt for a moment that so delicate an issue would be decided without consultation with – or even advance warning to – other friendly countries. Yet that is the way things seem to have happened – to, it is said, some consternation even in the US Embassy.

Undeterred by the wave of protest this move has produced not only in Africa but in Asia, too, Mr. Heath and Britain's new Foreign Secretary, the previous Tory Prime Minister, Sir Alex Douglas-Hume, seem equally determined to reopen contacts with the Smith regime in Rhodesia. All in all, it looks very much as if the least enviable job in the new administration will be the one that Lord Caradon has filled with such distinction on behalf of the Labour government for the past six years – that of being Britain's permanent representative at the United Nations.

There are other areas, of course, where Mr. Heath's no-nonsense methods may not prove to be so perilous, or even a disadvantage. Significantly, he has put very much his own protege in charge of Britain's negotiations to get into Europe – the current Tory Party chairman, Anthony Barber. The personal touch in this appointment effectively served notice on Tory critics of the Common Market that Mr. Heath does not intend to be deflected from his European purpose by any amount of internal party criticism.

In fact here are many who believe that getting the key to 10 Downing Street was for Mr. Heath only the first stage of achieving his real ambition – unlocking the door of Europe. Mr. Heath's commitment to the European cause is probably the strongest conviction he holds (even if it does ride oddly with his bizarre view that some kind of British presence must be maintained east of Suez). With the talks opening in Brussels just as he comes to power, the new Prime Minister must hope that he can succeed in getting Britain in long before the shadow of having to face the electorate again falls over his administration. He may pull it off, but not without overcoming immense difficulties.

In many ways the election outcome was the worst result of all from the European point of view. Inevitably it has opened up the very real possibility of a joining of forces between the Labour opposition anxious to get back into power, and a sizable group of Tory dissidents who have always made it clear that they do not want the Common Market at any price. If at some stage in the coming Parliament Harold Wilson and Enoch Powell were to come together to denounce whatever terms the government had managed to secure, it is hard to see how Mr. Heath could avoid having to take the issue to the electorate. And the British electorate today shows an unmistakable lack of enthusiasm for the whole European venture.

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All that, however, is in the future. For the moment, Mr. Heath – although he has never been the most flexible of politicians – has room for maneuver. His government on the whole has been well-received and as the man who has made idiots of the press and fools of the pollsters he can count on a fund of popular goodwill for some time yet. Even the most immediate threat that hangs over him – the risk of industrial unrest – he should be able to turn to his own advantage; as even Mr. Wilson perceived last year, the general public's attitude toward labor unions stops some way short of idolatry. Yet what Mr. Wilson had was a tactical sense; what Mr. Heath possesses is a strategic grasp. The two are – as the country is likely to discover soon – very different things. It only seems a pity that they cannot be combined in the same man.

Anthony Howard

"What I'm Afraid of Is Wholesale Murder"

Guatemala and the Guerrillas

by Georgie Anne Geyer

"And Cesar Montes?" I asked my Guatemalan friend over lunch, trying not to speak too loudly the name of the famous Guatemalan guerrilla chief. "Dead," he said, as he bit into his beef taco, "dead or exiled or in disgrace." "And Miguel – remember the handsome boy who had studied in Hamburg and spoke good German?" "Dead, too," he said, "they're almost all dead." "And Yon Sosa, too," I added. I stated it this time; I knew that Marco Antonio Yon Sosa, head of the Trotskyite guerrilla band, had been killed late in May in a battle on the Mexican border.

Two and three and four years ago, the Fuerzas Armadas Rebeldes or the FAR was the hottest guerrilla movement in Latin America. Feted in Havana but feeding on purely Guatemalan social problems, the FAR shook the government and shook the State Department so much they thought it might stage "another Santo Domingo" during the 1966 elections. It was that year, right at the height of the FAR's popularity and effectiveness, that I went to the mountains of the Sierra de las Minas with these young men who, by and large, were motivated by social outrage.

As I came back now, for the first time in those four years, I remembered one day, sitting on a mountainside talking to a young guerrilla leader Camilo Sanchez. Classically Indian-looking with a rich, honest smile, Camilo would win a bitter kind of fame a year later for being the guerrilla the FAR hoped to exchange US Ambassador John Gordon Mien for.

When he tried to escape, Mien was killed. I remembered Camilo, terribly sober, explaining to me that "we have to stop the exploitation of man by man. I'm going to fight to the end, until they kill us or we win. . . ." When I asked him what kind of society he was fighting for, he said intensely, "I would like to see a society without class, where all were equals, where there is no exploitation, where there are schools and land for everybody."

How things have changed. Today, after a brutal campaign waged precisely in this sector, near the town of Zacapa, in which by a conservative estimate 2000 persons were killed, and by a left estimate 6000 were killed, the FAR has become a fractured, blood-let group of urban guerrillas to whom terrorism has largely become an end in itself. They killed the German Ambassador, Count Karl von Spreti, in May, apparently in a confused move as a result of the present decentralization of power that has left them without any real leader. And the guerrillas now have as their national president, taking power this week, none other than Col. Carlos Manuel Arana Osorio, leader of the Zacapa campaign.

Once again, beautiful, tormented little Guatemala is turning in upon itself in a muderous rage, cannibalizing itself, caught up in that desperate frenzy known only to countries whose natural growth and progression have been stunted and crippled and distorted and where forces on both ends of the spectrum are just strong enough that resolution never comes.

The real questionmark is Col. Arana himself. Is he, as the left contends, the "butcher of Zacapa"? He did, after all, direct the campaign in which hundreds of

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people were deputy-sheriffed as *comissionados* to hunt down the guerrillas.

One, a former FAR member nick-named Gallo Tiro, used to stop the buses, climb aboard and finger boys he said he had known as guerrillas. They were taken out and shot on the spot. Other *comissionados* settled old scores: they would go out for three weeks on "trips," well supplied with food and guns by the army, and kill anybody "suspected" of being a guerrilla. Most observers say frankly that a lot of old blood feuds got settled and that far more innocent peasants got killed than guerrillas.

Or is Arana really a kind of "military populist" (currently the most vogueish word for reformist military dictators whom nobody has really classified yet) who will end up helping the peasant stock he himself sprang from? These observers argue that Arana also passionately embraced civic action ("he digs well-digging," one American wag says) in the Zacapa campaign. They say he now is fighting some of his own rightist supporters in the *Movimiento Nacional de Liberacion* or MLN, the ultra-conservative political movement that was at least in part formed by the Americans in 1954.

Arana is now discussing with his supporters putting the guerrillas under military courts, which, seen from the rather tortured Guatemalan viewpoint, is a legalistic move; it might mean, by making "justice" more certain for guerrillas, that brutal rightist terrorist mercenary groups like the *Mano Blanca* or White Hand, which have taken "justice" into their own hands, and with which Arana was involved, would end.

What many highly objective observers fear is that Arana, whatever his own impulses, will be forced by his supporters to kill indiscriminately; that the moderate forces will be pushed to the left, to the guerrillas; or that the black anarchism facing so much of Latin America will overcome Guatemala. As one American said, after carefully listing all the *good* things Arana might do, "What I'm afraid of is wholesale murder."

"I talk to the MLN guys," this American said, "and they say, darkly, 'We know who the guerrillas are. We're going to tell them to stop it. Get the brains and the bodies will follow.' What they mean is getting the university professors and those types. I ask if they have evidence, and they say, 'No, but we know.'" And Alfonso Bauer Paiz, a highly respected university professor of uncertain leftist commitment, put it this way: "There has been a fundamental change. Before, people were taken, they disappeared and suddenly they showed up in Mexico. Now they don't reappear. Now they are simply killed."

This is ironic, because Arana himself was elected as a "law and order" candidate by a people of 4.5 million who are deeply exhausted with killings. Every day the papers are filled with the most grotesque crimes – poor Indian peasants found dead after being beaten horribly on their genitals, three-year-old girls killed after being tied to a tree and raped, things like that. Much of it is not political but pathological. "We have four states here," one long-time Guatemalan politician says. "We have the government, the guerrillas, the White Hand and just plain criminals; and you usually cannot tell who has done what."

The Guatemalan pathology can most accurately be traced back to 1954, when the United States backed and organized a coup against the pro-Marxist revolutionary government of another colonel, Guatemalan President Jacobo Arbenz. Even Americans who acknowledge this might have been necessary are critical of what followed; for Washington then regularly supported highly conservative governments that not only provided no change or development for Guatemala but under which the country retrogressed.

The 65 percent of the population which is Indian got poorer; illiteracy rose. Even American AID men in these years were frustrated – they couldn't even get the Guatemalan military leaders to work on something as politically innocuous as malaria control. Finally, in 1966, several years later after the guerrillas started thriving, elections were held and Julio Cesar Mendez Montenegro, a slightly liberal democrat, came to power. Mendez did a number of things in terms of development and tried to control the army (he dismissed Arana and two other army chiefs in 1967 for their collusion or even direction of the White Hand) but his Revolutionary Party lost the election this year, largely because he had not dealt with the killings.

The American part in all this has not been exactly edifying. American Green Beret training teams helped in training for the Zacapa campaign. We are now creating a police academy. It is our military aid which largely keeps the Guatemalan military, all of whose officers receive six months training in Panama, going. And the most recent thought, according to American military men here, is to take some AID money to train the *comissionados* in civic-action type projects.

As for the FAR, it has become, now, an urban terrorist organization. As such, it is far more brutal and far less idealistic. In accordance with the new "mini-manual for urban guerrillas," written by the late Carlos Marighella, leader of the urban guerrillas in Brazil, they have decentralized – reorganized in cells of five persons, which barely know the other cells.

Along with the disappearance of their idealism and the idealism of the Mendez government has gone any thought of getting along with the other side. But perhaps still one last element should be noted. An American diplomat-analyst looked at Guatemala recently and said, "I don't see any direct relation between social problems and the FAR. Look at the States. I can understand the kids in Harlem hating everyone, but I can't understand the kids from White Plains."

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This is indicative of *our* change from the Kennedy days in Latin America, when at least there was a clear and therefore comforting lineal relation, an understanding of cause and effect; a situation in which it was clearly perceived that social injustice and poverty equalled insurgency. Now, the new post-Alliance line of American diplomats is to blame what is happening on some unknown anarchistic neuroses. It becomes both much more fearful and at the same time much more easy not to try to do anything about the causes or to see that the distortions arise basically out of a frustration and warping of once wholesome impulses.

Giving Parents Money to Pay for Schooling

Education Vouchers

by Christopher Jencks

OEO announced in May that it hopes to fund an experiment which would provide parents with vouchers to cover the cost of educating their children at the school of their choice. This news has provoked considerable liberal opposition, including charges that the experiment is unconstitutional, that it is part of a Nixon plot to perpetuate segregation, and that it would "destroy the public school system." What, then, does OEO really have in mind?

If state and local cooperation is forthcoming, the first step will be the establishment of an Educational Voucher Agency (EVA) in some community. This EVA will resemble a traditional board of education in that it will be locally controlled and will receive federal, state, and local funds for financing the education of all local children. But it will differ from a traditional board in that it will not operate any schools of its own. That responsibility will remain with existing school boards, both public and private. The EVA will simply issue vouchers to all parents of elementary school children in its area. The parents will take these vouchers to a school in which they want to enroll their child. This may either be an existing public school, a new school opened by the public school board to attract families who would otherwise withdraw their children from the public system, an existing private school, or a new private school opened especially to cater to children with vouchers. If the school meets the basic eligibility requirements laid down by the EVA, it will be able to convert its vouchers into cash, which will cover both its operating expenses and the amortization of capital costs. Such a system would enable anyone starting a school to get public subsidies, so long as he followed the basic rules laid down by the EVA and could persuade enough parents to enroll their children in his school. It would also give low-income parents the same choice about where they sent their children that upper-income parents now have. This would include all the public and private schools participating in the system.

The effect of these changes on the quality of education would depend on how effectively the EVA regulated the newly created marketplace, and especially on the rules it laid down for determining which schools could cash vouchers and which schools could not. Since the EVA would presumably be controlled by the same political forces that now dominate local school boards, some prophets anticipate that it would soon develop a regulatory system as complex and detailed as that now governing the public schools. If this happened, both publicly and privately managed voucher schools would soon be entangled in the usual bureaucratic and political jungle, in which everything is either required or forbidden. They would probably end up indistinguishable from existing public schools. Nothing would have changed, either for better or for worse.

This vision may, however, be unnecessarily gloomy. Today's public school has a captive clientele. As a result, it in turn becomes the captive of a political process designed to protect the interests of its clientele. The state, the local board, and the school administration establish regulations to ensure that no school will do anything to offend anyone of political consequence. By trying to please everyone, however, the schools often end up pleasing no one. The voucher system seeks to free schools from these managerial constraints by eliminating their monopolistic privileges. Under a voucher system, parents who do not like what a school

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is doing can simply send their children elsewhere. Schools which attract no applicants go out of business. But those which survive have a much greater claim to run their own affairs in their own way.

Most opponents of the voucher system worry more about the possibility that the EVA would establish too few regulations than about the possibility that it would establish too many. They particularly fear the development of a system in which schools would compete with one another in terms of social and/or academic exclusiveness, much as colleges now do. Left to their own devices, many schools would restrict admission to the brightest and most easily educated youngsters, leaving the more difficult children to somebody else. Many would also try to increase their operating budgets by charging supplemental tuition. This would have the not-always-accidental effect of limiting the number of low-income children in the more expensive schools.

An unregulated system of this kind would have all the drawbacks of other unregulated markets. It would produce even more racial and economic segregation than the existing neighborhood school system. It would also widen the expenditure gap between rich and poor children, giving the children of the middle-classes an even larger share of the nation's educational resources than they now get, while reducing the relative share going to the children of the poor.

Fortunately, OEO has shown no signs of funding a completely unregulated voucher system. Rather, OEO is contemplating an experiment in which extremely stringent controls are placed on participating schools' admissions policies, and also on their tuition charges. At the same time, it is hoping for an experiment which places minimal restraint on schools' staffing practices and programs.

In order to cash vouchers, a school would have to offer every applicant a roughly equal chance of admission. To ensure this, the school would have to declare each spring how many children it could take the following year. Parents would apply to schools each spring, and unless a school had more applicants than places, it would have to take everyone who had applied. If there were more applicants than places, the school would have to fill at least half its places by a lottery among applicants. It would also have to show that it had accepted at least as high a proportion of minority group students as had applied. Thus no school would be able to cream off the most easily educated children or dump all the problem children elsewhere.

The redemption value of a middle- or upper-income family's voucher would approximate what the local public schools are currently spending on upper-income children. Vouchers for children from low-income families would have a somewhat higher redemption value. This reflects the fact that schools with high concentrations of low-income children also tend to have more than their share of educational problems. It should also help discourage schools from trying to attract exclusively middle-class applicants. Participating schools would have to accept every child's voucher as full payment for his education, regardless of its value. Otherwise, parents who could afford to supplement their children's vouchers would inevitably have a better chance of getting their children into high cost schools than parents who could not supplement the voucher.

These regulations would not result in as much racial or economic integration as massive compulsory busing. But that is hardly a likely alternative. The real alternative is the continuation of the neighborhood school, whose racial and economic composition inevitably and deliberately reflects the racial and economic exclusiveness of the private housing market. Under a voucher system, no child could be excluded from any participating school simply because his family was not rich enough or white enough to buy a house near the school. Furthermore, the EVA would pay transportation costs, so that every family would have genuinely equal access to every participating school. Most families, both black and white, would doubtless continue to prefer schools near their homes. But at least no family would be legally or financially required to choose such a school if they thought it was educationally inadequate. Those black parents who wanted their children to attend integrated schools would be in an excellent position to ensure that they did so.

If all goes according to plan, the OEO experiment would be far more permissive with regard to schools' staffing and curricular policies than with regard to admissions. Schools would have to conform to existing state and local regulations governing private schools, but these are relatively lenient in most states. Experience suggests that while such leniency results in some abuses, the results over the long run seem to be better than the results of detailed legal and administrative regulations of the kind that shape the public schools. While these regulations often seem rational on their face (as in the case of teacher certification requirements), they generally create more problems than they solve. Teaching and learning are subtle processes, and they seem to resist all attempts at improvement by formal regulation. Rule books are seldom subtle enough to prevent the bad things that can happen in schools, and are seldom flexible enough to allow the best things.

So instead of telling schools whom to hire, what to teach, or how to teach it, the EVA will confine itself to collecting and disseminating information about what each school is doing. Every family will be given extensive information about every participating school. This should ensure that families are aware of all the choices open to them. It should also help discourage misleading advertising, or at least partially offset the effects of such advertising.

One common objection to a voucher system of this

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kind is that many parents are too ignorant to make intelligent choices among schools. Giving parents a choice will, according to this argument, simply set in motion an educational equivalent of Gresham's Law, in which hucksterism and mediocre schooling drive out high quality institutions. This argument seems especially plausible to those who envisage the entry of large numbers of profit-oriented firms into the educational marketplace. The argument is not, however, supported by much evidence. Existing private schools are sometimes mere diploma mills, but on the average their claims about themselves seem no more misleading, and the quality of the services they offer no lower, than in the public schools. And while some private schools are run for little but profit, this is the exception rather than the rule. There is no obvious reason to suppose that vouchers would change all this.

A second common objection to vouchers is that they would "destroy the public schools." Again, this seems farfetched. If you look at the educational choices made by wealthy parents who can already afford whatever schooling they want for their children, you find that many still prefer their local public schools if these are at all adequate. Furthermore, most of those who now leave the public system do so in order to attend high-cost, exclusive private schools. While some parents would doubtless continue to patronize such schools, they would receive no subsidy under the proposed OEO system.

Nonetheless, if you are willing to call every school 'public" that is ultimately responsible to a public board of education, then there is little doubt that a voucher system would result in some shrinkage of the "public" sector and some growth of the "private" sector. If, on the other hand, you confine the label "public" to schools which are really equally open to everyone within commuting distance, you discover that the so-called public sector includes relatively few public schools. Instead, racially exclusive suburbs and economically exclusive neighborhoods serve to ration access to good "public" schools in precisely the same way that admissions committees and tuition charges ration access to good "private" schools. If you begin to look at the distinction between public and private schooling in these terms, emphasizing accessibility rather than control, you are likely to conclude that a voucher system, far from destroying the public sector, would greatly expand it, since it would force large number of schools, public and private, to open their doors to outsiders.

A third objection to vouchers is that they would be available to children attending Catholic schools. This is not, of course, a necessary feature of a voucher system. An EVA could perfectly easily restrict participation to non-sectarian schools. Indeed, some state constitutions clearly require that this be done. The federal Constitution may also require such a restriction, but neither the language of the First Amendment nor the legal precedents is clear on this issue. The First Amendment's prohibition against an "establishment of religion" can be construed as barring payments to church schools, but the "free exercise of religion" clause can also be construed as requiring the state to treat church schools in precisely the same way as other private schools. The Supreme Court has never ruled on a case of this type (e.g. GI Bill payments to Catholic colleges or Medicare payments to Catholic hospitals). Until it does, the issue ought to be resolved on policy grounds. And since the available evidence indicates that Catholic schools have served their children no worse than public schools, and perhaps slightly better, there seems no compelling reason to deny them the same financial support as other schools.

The most common and most worrisome objection to a voucher system, in my view, is that its results depend on the EVA's willingness to regulate the marketplace vigorously. If vouchers were used on a large scale, state and local regulatory efforts might be uneven or even nonexistent. The regulations designed to prevent racial and economic segregation seem especially likely to get watered down at the state and local level, or else to remain unenforced. This argument applies, however, to *any* educational reform, and it also applies to the existing system. If you assume any given EVA will be controlled by overt or covert segregationists, you must also assume that this will be true of the local board of education. A board of education that wants to keep racist parents happy hardly needs vouchers to do so. It only needs to maintain the neighborhood school system. White parents who want their children to attend white schools will then find it quite simple to move to a white neighborhood where their children will be suitably segregated. Except perhaps in the South, neither the federal government, the state government, nor the judiciary is likely to prevent this traditional practice.

If, on the other hand, you assume a board which is anxious to eliminate segregation, either for legal, financial, or political reasons, you must also assume that the EVA would be subject to the same pressures. And if an EVA is anxious to eliminate segregation, it will have no difficulty devising regulations to achieve this end. Furthermore, the legal precedents to date suggest that the federal courts will be more stringent in applying the Fourteenth Amendment to voucher systems than to neighborhood school systems. The courts have repeatedly thrown out voucher systems designed to maintain segregation, whereas they have shown no such general willingness to ban the neighborhood school. Outside the South, then, those who believe in integration may actually have an easier time achieving this goal than they will with the existing public school system.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Catch-22

(Paramount)

It begins brilliantly. No music, no sound; the titles flash on a black screen. Soon a dog barks in the distance, and, behind the titles, light begins to outline a far ridge. Another dog, a gull – and dawn breaks in our eyes across a bay. As the titles finish, invisible B-25s grumble to life, huge plane wheels roll past. Through the departing bomber mission, we move across the field to a ruined building where a man is standing. Closer, we see that it is Yossarian and that behind him are Colonel Cathcart and Lt. Col. Korn. They speak, but we can't hear their words over the roar. Yossarian shakes hands with them and leaves. As he crosses the field, a figure in G.I. fatigues stabs him.

So at once there are some promises. Control. A really fresh idea of how to open. Balance between gravity (dawn blasphemed by the bombers) and wit (the voices we can't hear). Design: the screenplay adapted with a pattern in mind. In the novel, the stabbing occurs near the end, and presumably it has been transposed here as an arc of a circle to be completed. (Which is what happens. And when we see the scene again, later on, we hear the dialogue that was obscured the first time.)

But most of the promises are broken. *Catch-22*, probably the most eagerly awaited film of a novel since *Gone with the Wind*, is a disappointment. Partly this is because Joseph Heller's novel is now a historical work. Not because it follows *How I Won the War*, the best antiwar film since *Grand Illusion*, or the recent and much lesser *M*A*S*H*, but because there has been a profound cultural shift in the nine years since *Catch-22* appeared. Retrospectively we can see that Heller's novel itself made a great cultural sweep: it brushed away *The Catcher in the Rye* as the sensibility-banner of the age. The Salinger ideal of private fineness, rather proud to be private and unappreciated by the world, was replaced by the Heller view of society as a prison run by oafs and madmen for whom the few sane inmates felt some weird kind of compassion. Since 1961 no other novel, American or otherwise, has supplanted *Catch-22* as tonal center, which says something about the novel form as such because Heller's book *has* been supplanted – by a combination of rock and psychedelia and films and astrology and social activism. The result is a very different world-outlook. Yossarian had to fly fifty missions before he saw that "the enemy is anybody who's going to get you killed, no matter *which* side he's on . . ." Today's young men – more liberated, less addicted to disillusion, in some ways precociously mature – know before they get into a uniform what Yossarian had to learn the hard way.

Still, to say that *Catch-22* is now a work in history is certainly not to say that it is dead. For one thing, Yossarian was one of the teachers of present-day youth. For another, in the year when our president says he widened a war in order to hasten peace, the logic of this novel is hardly unrecognizable. The book could have been filmed effectively if it had been treated competently as what it is, without nervousness, if its tone had been caught. For me, that tone is neither savage Swiftian satire nor Manichean black humor but the cool extension of the horror and the ridiculousness that are already present in the world: as in Kafka. (Kafka thought his novels were funny.)

But the film consistently bumbles that tone – or any other tone. In the book, when US planes bomb their own base as a service to the Germans, so that in return the Germans will buy the Egyptian cotton which Minderbinder's syndicate has overstocked, it is a tart, peripheral, insane note; in the film it is an air raid, with real explosions and real flames. When Yossarian walks desolate through the nighttime streets of Rome, Heller makes it a floating expressionist experience. Here it is a solitary parade past a lot of arbitrary symbols – with Donizetti on the soundtrack. In the book, when the parents and brother of a dying soldier come to visit him and Yossarian substitutes for the boy, it is a scene of shadows and bandages. Here it is played in light, no bandages, and the visitors are three comic actors. A moving symbolic moment becomes a failed skit.

I'm not going to recount the story of the best-read American novel of the last decade. Buck Henry's screenplay omits some characters and collapses some of the others together, predictably. The best element is the retention of Heller's "recurrence" pattern: principally the scene between Yossarian and the wounded Snowden in the shattered plane, telling us a bit more of the incident each time we return.

And cinematically those Snowden scenes are the best: over-exposed to a ghastly whiteness, with chilly wind whistling through them. Some other sequences are well done: Snowden's funeral, with naked Yossarian in a tree; a *trattoria* scene in the Piazza Navona that catches the enforced itchy *camaraderie* of soldiers on leave; a shot of Doc Daneeka sitting alone on the beach at night. Some of the performances are good: Jon Voight as Minderbinder, Chuck Grodin as Aardvark, a voluptuous unpretty Italian girl named Olympia Carlisli as Luciana, Robert Balaban as Orr, and Art Garfunkel (of Simon &) as Nately. And now I know what I have been waiting for Anthony Perkins to play: not a mad murderer or Melina Mercouri's lover but an Anabaptist chaplain.

But the shocking fact about this film directed by Mike Nichols is that some of the casting is unwise and some of the performances are poor. Balaban and Garfunkel are confusing lookalikes. Martin Balsam (Cathcart) behaves like a prosperous Brooklyn butcher. Bob Newhart (Major Major) is a forlorn disaster. Orson Welles, who never had much comic gift, is highly uncomfortable as Dreedle, and Austin Pendleton caricatures his ninny son-in-law. It was a nice linkage to use Marcel Dalio, who was in *Grand Illusion*, but Dalio overdoes the brothel ancient and, as an Italian, has an unmistakable French accent. And the picture founders on the one performance that was needed to save it: Alan Arkin's Yossarian.

Arkin has superfine comic timing, which he showed when he played for Nichols in the New York production of *Luv*. So he can make us laugh when he discovers in flight that his parachute is missing. He has some sense of pathos. So he is attractively quiet in the bed scene with Luciana. But he is

(Continued on Page 32)

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Maxwell King: Four Inmates Speak

An Eye for an Eye
by H. Jack Griswold, Mike Misenheimer, Art Powers, Ed Tromanhauser

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $6.95)

Last September, a two-day confrontation at the Indiana Reformatory, a maximum-security prison for men under 30, ended abruptly when guards armed with riot guns fired into a large crowd of inmates, killing two and wounding 45 others. The men who were shot were involved in a protest; all were sitting or lying on the ground. The shooting gained Indiana's penal system some national attention, and reform groups, newspapers, a grand jury, and even a governor's task force launched into the inevitable investigations. Even while these official inquiries were going on, another explosive situation developed and again armed guards faced an angry group of inmates, this time at the state prison farm in the little rural town of Putnamville. A group of about 60 men "holed up" in the gymnasium and refused to come out. Then, at the last minute, bloodshed was averted when the inmates decided to give themselves up. Most of the people who had been appalled by the shooting at the reformatory never even heard about the incident at Putnamville. No shots had been fired. No one had been killed. Nobody paid any attention.

The general public has never evidenced an interest in what goes on inside prisons except when a serious incident – a riot, a mass escape – shatters its apathy. And then the hue and cry is usually for better security. The public's primary demand is that things be run with a tight hand: no riots, no escapes, no foul-ups.

Most inmates know that a prison riot is not just a bunch of grown men "raisin' hell," though it is surely that in part. A prison riot is the ultimate tactical resource available to inmates who want to force change. As Jack Griswold makes clear in his chapter on the subject, the riot is a costly weapon for the cons to employ. It may mean loss of life, it surely means immediate loss of privilege for those directly involved, and it means extension of prison sentences for some. But the important thing is that it works. It is the one sure-fire way to force authorities to reform the prison, because it is the only action that effectively calls the attention of an apathetic public to the serious ills of the penal system.

What the public invariably reacts to is the imminent threat posed by a serious breach of prison discipline. "My God," says the fearful homeowner, "what if those dangerous beasts escape from their cages – we may all be killed!" What the four convict authors of *An Eye For An Eye* tell us is that the inmates of America's prisons are escaping constantly – not just in occasional, furtive climbs over high stone walls – but every day, right out the front gate. More importantly, it is not just a small band of dashing, madcap criminals who "break into the open." The overwhelming majority of prisoners get out – legally. The point, then, is this: what happens to the man while he is in prison is of critical importance. If he is embittered and brutalized, we are in trouble. If he is helped and changed, we are in luck.

The day I met Jack Griswold, during a visit to the Indiana State Prison, a fellow inmate of his described to me the results of punishment: "Man, let me tell you, when you come out of a place like this, you hate everyone. You feel like you've been stomped on, and you're going to get back." Most prisons brutalize, embitter and dehumanize inmates, and then, according to the rules of our criminal justice system, release them back to the public to wreak their vengeance. "All society shows the convict its ass and expects him to kiss it," writes Eldridge Cleaver. "The convict feels like kicking it or putting a bullet into it. A convict sees man's fangs and claws and learns quickly to unsheath his own, for real and final. To maintain a hold on the ideals and sentiments of civilization in such circumstances is probably impossible."

The authors of this book have been in prisons all over the United States. They have been released and been returned. They are not apologizing, nor are they asking for understanding; they are warning us. Clearly, they, and most other cons, consider the wrongs accorded them by society to equal or outweigh their crimes. Anyone who has seen, no matter how briefly, the life they must endure for having taken someone else's money, must agree. More importantly, we pay for the wrongs done to them as surely as we have made them pay: they will be coming back to us, meaner, tougher, more learned in the ways of the criminal. This is their warning, delivered without bombast, but with the deeply cool, ironic humor of men who have come to live with an abomination, not by condoning or condemning it, but by understanding it.

They write of a criminal justice system that accuses them of irresponsibility in the "free world," then consistently denies them self-responsibility while in prison, and finally releases them with the admonition that they better have learned to be responsible.

They write of a system that condemns the brutal acts of a criminal, then brutalizes the inmate with physical, verbal and psychological abuse, and smugly warns: "That ought to teach you."

They write of a system that takes them, abnormal men who have committed abnormal acts, and places them in the most abnormal of societies to teach them to be normal.

They write of a system that takes them, the disadvantaged and socially underdeveloped, provides them none of the psychological and social treatment they so desperately need, then labels them "cured" when their sentences are complete.

The American criminal justice system is unjust, and it is a failure to boot. By

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its brutal, punitive ethic and its lack of truly corrective measures, the system probably does more to foster crime than to hinder it. Yet, despite the public's deep-seated worry over the growth of crime, it is practically impossible to discover strong public support for reform of the penal system. Perhaps this paradox can only be explained, as Dr. Karl Menninger explains it in *The Crime of Punishment*, by the fact that people want it that way. We need the criminal because we need someone to punish, to scorn, to vilify as the identifiable sinner in our midst. We are all sinners, and as such we identify with the crime. It is natural, then, that we identify with the punishment as a means of expiation.

There is much in this book that touches that dark chord in the reader, that titillates his need to know what awful acts are perpetrated in the bowels of the prison. When Mike Misenheimer tells us of "Big Steve," chained to a concrete slab and beaten senseless in one of the "dungeon cells," it stirs the same chord that a horror movie does (the "dungeon cell" is no convicts' myth; although Indiana State Prison officials claim it is no longer used, it is there and available). Other details of homosexual rapes, beatings, and the constant repression that characterizes the life of the inmate lend a part of this book to the category of thriller.

But if such stuff is good for our psyches, if it fulfills some Puritan need to revel in the punishment, it also illustrates the total illogic through which our present penal system persists. There is, as Dr. Menninger maintains, a psychological need for the horrors of prison. They satisfy what Joseph Conrad called the "fascination of the abomination." But they also satisfy the false ethic under which prisons continue to be repressive, not corrective. The public insists upon believing that we need highly punitive prisons as deterrents, despite the fact that 70 to 80 percent of the criminals who have been put through prison continue to engage in criminal behavior, undeterred. And the con, not surprisingly, is very like the rest of us. We wreak our vengeance upon him, and he will return to wreak his vengeance on us: an eye for an eye.

According to Myrl Alexander, retired chief of the Federal Bureau of Prisons: "Revamping the system is going to cost a lot of money. But the people we're turning out of prisons are costing us a lot more."

Joseph Barry: The Victory of What?

Prelude to Revolution: France in May 1968 by Daniel Singer

(Hill & Wang; $8.50)

If Marx had been living in Paris during May 1968, he might have written this book. I think of *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, but also of elements of a new *Manifesto* in Daniel Singer's study, which offers guidelines but like its predecessor no blueprint, for a new socialist society. The new revolution, Singer writes, "must both invent a new state and begin the process of its disappearance" – of its withering away. There must be built-in safeguards against a repetition of the Russian experience: "It is not enough to mobilize for one great, historic heave and then leave the leadership to an elite that directs things from above. The masses must intervene directly at all stages from beginning to end. . . . Government will have to be replaced by self-government." Spontaneity and organization, Rosa Luxemburg as well as Lenin, these are the lessons of May for the new revolutionary movement.

With May 1968 in France, Marxism returned to the place of its birth – Western Europe and advanced industrial societies – and to its original preoccupations: the analysis of modern society, of capitalist ownership, class conflict and working-class, rather than peasant, revolution. Such is Singer's book. France is the subject, France once again the historical laboratory for revolutionary theory and praxis. Was a revolution along class lines possible, after all, in a modern industrialized society, or was the working class inextricably switched into its adroit consumer structure *á la* Marcuse? (In fairness, Singer notes that Marcuse's preface to the French edition of his *One Dimensional Man* suggests that France and Italy may yet prove exceptions to his thesis.) Were there practicable alternatives, such as a Proudhon- or Bakunin-like order of *autogestion*, or autonomous, worker-managed units of industry, to an authoritarian communism that has failed?

Was it possible that a rejection of the "consumer" society could be carried through not only by students, but also by Catholic labor leaders and many of the technicians of France? Was direct or participatory democracy a workable alternative to representative or parliamentary democracy?

All this is considered by Singer, as it was hotly discussed – and some of it practiced in microcosm – in May 1968: in the city of Nantes as well as at the Sorbonne, in factories and enterprises as well as professional groups and associations, when half Paris was a teach-in. The refusal of the French Communist Party to turn the industrial sit-ins into factory teach-ins, Singer demonstrates, was a primary factor in the failure of the May movement to develop into a revolution. Why the refusal? The reasons given are complex: gradual conversion of the French Communist Party to a Social Democratic, parliamentary line (as the German SPD before World War I); Moscow's interest in de Gaulle's retention of power because of his anti-American, anti-NATO policy; the party's fear of failure and subsequent suppression; but primarily "the reaction of a /Stalinist/ bureaucracy faced with a movement it had not initiated, a spontaneous movement spurred by ultra-leftists, which threatened to overwhelm it."

Prelude to Revolution is not the postmortem of a revolution that never was, but rather an anatomy of France shortly before, during and after the May events. Why, for instance, should a relatively prosperous France suddenly be shaken by the greatest strike wave in its history? Why should a student revolt extend, for the first time, to massive, working-class action? The prosperity masked unemployment and discontent. "When in a country more than 40 per cent of the wage and salary earners get less than $1,800 per year – and such are the official estimates for France at the beginning of 1968 – it is indecent to speak of an affluent /or consumer/ society." (Ours

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is not a consumer's but rather a producer's society: from Marx to Singer through Galbraith there's agreement on *that*.) The explosion at the University was the beginning of an exposure of the whole de Gaulle regime, for all is centralized in a France still Napoleonic in its structure and controls (and remains so after de Gaulle's departure). On the night of May 13th, students occupied the Sorbonne and declared it a "people's university." On the morning of May 15th, young workers at Sud-Aviation in Nantes took over their factory and occupied it. The next day about 200 young workers at the Renault automobile plant in Cléon took the lead in the seizure and occupation of *their* workshops, piled into several cars, drove off to other Renault plants, particularly those at Flins and Boulogne (in the Paris suburbs), and persuaded workers there to do likewise. "Within a week the tide had swept over the whole of France and paralyzed the bulk of basic production . . . and transport."

How closely joined was the student occupation to the worker sit-in? Most likely it was the coincidence of discontents, but there were echoes of the revolutions of 1789, 1830, 1848, of the Paris Commune of 1871. Frenchmen act like Frenchmen because they read French history. French students have read a great deal of it, French workers less, but they breathe it singing the *Marseillaise*, celebrate it in the Commune, dance it on the Place de la Bastille. Theirs is a 19th century sense of class struggle and class conflict, persisting in the 20th, and nourished by a bourgeoisie still fully class conscious, still running its factories on a patronizing, family basis.

For Singer these are the realities of the 20th century, not the Marxist myths of the 19th, however quickly the French middle-class may catch up with its American model. (And the current socio-economic American situation is helping Marx regain, worldwide, the relevance once assumed lost to Keynes.) Singer brings to his study the background of twelve years as Paris correspondent of the London *Economist*, reporting, one mischievously adds, with the independence of Marx writing for the *New York Tribune* in the 1850s, and also with all the inside-the-revolution sense Marx provided. But, unlike Marx he does not predict "inevitable" revolution. But he ventures one flat statement: "The main message of the May crisis is unmistakable: a revolutionary situation can occur in an advanced capitalist country." (I believe, he establishes it.) He concludes: "Once the description and analysis are over, there can be no clear answer to the question running through this book – whether the age of conflict, which has already begun, will see the victory of authoritarian rule or the triumph of revolution."

Joseph A. Page: Relief from Reality

Quarup
by Antonio Callado (translated by Barbara Shelby)

(Alfred A. Knopf; $8.95)

A gnawing sensation of bitterness mixed with guilt has for some time afflicted those Brazilians who were opposed to the military coup of 1964. When the armed forces overthrew the constitutional government of President Joao Goulart, the Brazilian left collapsed. The military and their conservative and middle-class civilian allies seized power without serious opposition from leftist and nationalist elements, whose pre-coup collective overconfidence staggers the imagination. When it was over, the vanquished took solace in the worn maxim, "We are a nonviolent people," one of the great myths with which Brazilians are wont to deceive themselves.

Antônio Callado, a distinguished journalist whose reports from Northeast Brazil first broke the news of a potentially revolutionary Peasant League movement in the region, now provides some measure of relief for those reluctant to accept reality. His novel puts a heroic gloss on the demise of the radicals left in Northeast Brazil.

Quarup traces the self-awakening and radicalization of a Northeastern priest, Father Nando, whose dream of building among the Brazilian Indians an ideal jungle community moves him into active participation in the revolutionary peasant movement of Northeast Brazil. In the process he discovers the delights of sex and abandons both the priesthood and the Church. The mysticism which fires his mission to the Indians easily converts into a passion for the humanization of Northeastern sugar workers, who live in the midst of poverty, disease and ignorance as perpetuated by the region's feudalistic social structure. When the military put a sudden and total end to the ferment, Nando suffers imprisonment and torture. Upon his release he withdraws into the carefree life of a beachcomber, whose task in life is to introduce prostitutes to the joys of human tenderness. But he is drawn back into the political fray, commits an overt act of defiance against the dictatorship, is beaten near to death for his troubles, and in the end rides off to the Northeastern interior to join up with insurgent forces about to launch armed resistance to the military regime.

Callado's supporting characters are frequently modeled after real-life participants in the actual events, but they display none of the real-life weaknesses which turned the Northeastern struggle into a debacle. There is no hint of the viciousness of the intra-left sectarian in-fighting, or of the zany antics of some of the actors (Marxists who followed Harpo more closely than Karl).

Quarup notwithstanding, the historical fact of the matter is that none of the Northeastern radicals resumed their pre-coup activities. They either fled into exile or remained to endure prison and, when released, to lead utterly quiescent, noncontroversial lives.

Curiously, the tortures that Callado describes as having been inflicted upon

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political prisoners in 1964 were not so widespread then as the author suggests, but since the book's publication in Brazil they have become commonplace. On the other hand, Callado gives no hint of the genocide that government officials and private citizens have been commiting against the Indians – a horror that has come to light since the novel was written.

Brazil's great literature tends to be regional. Jorge Amado's novels, for example, evoke the rich flavor of Bahia, while Graciliano Ramos' memorable *Barren Lives* depicts the struggle for survival in the drought-plagued Northeastern interior, and José Lins do Rêgo in *Plantation Boy* recreates the ambience of a sugar plantation in Northeast Brazil. Callado, who has spent most of his adult life in Rio de Janeiro and abroad, is at his best in catching the mood and style of his *carioca* characters, and at his worst trying to evoke the regional setting for the events in *Quarup*. He has told a good story that is instructive in its revelations about the Brazilian psyche, but a distortion of the historical reality. The translation from the Portuguese by Barbara Shelby is excellent.

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Leonard Ross: Hurrah for Inflation

Inflation: The Problems It Creates and The Policies It Requires
by Arthur M. Okun, Henry H. Fowler, and Milton Gilbert

(New York University Press; $7.50)

What's so bad about inflation? Prices go up, but so do incomes. The nickel candy bar is no longer, but neither is the $1.25-an-hour hospital orderly or the $5000 per year teacher. Inflation has its losers, but it has even more winners since it usually keeps company with broad economic growth.

For years, the stock reply has been that inflation squeezes the poor, fattens the rich, and dispossesses the old. But this catechism is mostly in error, as Arthur Okun (formerly of the Council of Economic Advisers) makes clear in his contribution to the New York University symposium.

The major winners from inflation are the previously unemployed. Over a million jobs were created in the late sixties because the economy was being run faster than the inflationary speedlimit. The bulk of wage and salary workers also gained from excess demand. Okun identifies the only systematic income losers as the retired aged – but even this verdict assumes that Congress would have hiked social security in the absence of inflation.

Inflation affects the value of assets as well as current income, and here Okun hews closer to the conventional wisdom. He blames inflation for denying savers the opportunity for riskless investment and, worst of all, for reshuffling wealth from "suckers" to "sharpies."

But who are these "sharpies?" Wall Streeters who believed in the sixties that stocks were the best hedge against inflation, and jumped in the market when the Dow Jones was 950? Coupon-clippers who shrewdly invested in 6 percent bonds instead of 4 percent savings accounts, and then watched the bottom fall out of the bond market? The class of speculators, money changers and social parasites has seldom seen worse days.

To be sure, the small saver has also gotten skinned. But the culprit is the legal limit on bank and savings and loan deposit rates, not inflation or tight money. Large lenders, who can buy $25,000 issues of commercial paper or treasury bills paying 7 to 9 percent, have easily kept ahead of inflation. Without the federal ceiling, small savers could also have stayed in the race.

In sum, inflation is not the "cruellest tax of all" – it is one of the most progressive. If we should stop inflation, it is because of the risk of acceleration and the widespread illusion that it has hurt the average worker, not because its effects have actually proved to be intolerable.

Even these dangers of inflation have been vastly overstated. Inflation does not automatically spiral: Milton Friedman has observed that "there are many examples in history where you have had several decades of gradually rising prices . . . without the price rise accelerating. . . ." Inflation does seem to aggravate social tensions, since some people falsely think they are being hurt. But even on this point the evidence is unclear. Okun cites a Survey Research Center poll which annually asks people to compare their current financial position with that of the previous year. Complaints rise during recessions and fall during periods of inflationary growth. As Okun concludes, "the American public apparently does not consider itself pressed to the financial wall when rising prices are accompanied by rapidly rising incomes."

Out of caution and political expediency, the current pace of inflation will no doubt have to be reduced. But there is no reason to stew about an inflationary "crisis," requiring price and wage controls, an exemplary recession, or a good dose of both. Controls do not reduce social tension, but merely localize

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everyone's complaints more firmly on the government. And a major recession, unlike inflation, is a wantonly cruel formula for redistribution. It would be asking the disadvantaged and the young to pay for the war coming and going.

Instead, we should concentrate on redressing the unfair distributional effects of inflation – an aspect of anti-inflationary policy which has been thoroughly neglected. Removing the ceilings on savings account interest, and issuing a government-backed cost-of-living bond, would give small savers and private pension plans a fair shake. Social security and welfare could be tied to the price index. Subsidies and tariff protection could be withheld from industries using inflation to reap excess profits. Tax laws could be adjusted to undo inflationary distortions.

Finally, our objectives should give more weight to full employment when it clashes with price stability. The Kennedy years, often lyricized as the golden age of the "New Economics," paid for their good price record with 5 percent unemployment. Okun looks forward to the day of 4 1/2 percent unemployment and 2 1/2 percent inflation. That may be the best we can do politically, but we should be clear that we are catering to the misconceptions of the majority at the cost of their income and their neighbors' jobs.

Barbara Raskin: Classic Female

Good Morning, Midnight by Jean Rhys

(Harper and Row; $4.95)

Good Morning, Midnight by Jean Rhys was originally published in 1939 and has just been reissued. It is both technically and substantively a very contemporary novel. Its subject is female despair and its force is derived from poignant minutiae.

The psychological and physical aspects of Sasha Jansen's life have been fused together in the first person narrative. The particular mirror and electric lighting in the toilet of a French cafe reflect more than the face of a middle-aged British woman visiting Paris. The glass illuminates the wounded psyche of a shattered woman who seeks nothing more than intervals of painlessness and respites from memory. The mirror and the light expose the image of emptiness, of lovelessness, of aging, of female conciousness controlled by fear and the threat of total disintegration. For Sasha has lost a child, a husband and all illusion. Her pitiful and precarious survival is premised on numbness. In order to live now she must suppress all feeling, for she was early humbled by her own sensitivities and sensibilities. Each day she dresses herself, applies makeup, eats a meal, takes Pernod at a cafe, sees a cinema, speaks if spoken to, waits to fall asleep at night and constantly protects herself by distrusting and disdaining humanity.

Men approach her in the streets of Paris during her holiday there, but Sasha knows that she looks like an easy make and she must be wary because men only take from a woman – never give – and her tears are too close to the surface. She realizes that one young man who pursues her is a gigolo, but her refusal to believe in his humanity is not due to his profession, but rather because once she was young and trusting and happy and now has lost everything. She cannot escape the trauma and tragedy that imprison her. She is the classic modern female caught in the vicious circle of her own suffering – unable or unwilling to cease and desist, to reject her own pain, which is the only possibility of freedom for a woman.

This novel portrays that particular brand of female helplessness and hopelessness that has only recently been imaginatively possessed and described, and it is at the heart of the drive for Women's Lib. Only in the last ten to fifteen years have talented female writers and poets begun to transcribe the psychological wilderness women inhabit in literature. (Jane Austen could have done it, but her age had not explored the depths of that wilderness.) Jean Rhys was one of the first to begin decoding the secret message of female existence, and her novel is an important emotional and artistic legacy for us.

COMING: *John Seelye reviews* The Neophiliacs *by Christopher Booker*

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STRAVINSKY: Le Sacre du Printemps; Eight Instrumental Miniatures for Fifteen Players. Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra; Los Angeles Chamber Ensemble, Zubin Mehta, conductor. LONDON CS 6664 $5.98

SHOSTAKOVICH: Symphony No. 13, Op. 113 ("Babi Yar"). Tom Krause (baritone); Male Chorus of the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia; The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor RCA LSC-3162 $5.98

Although this would seem to be a season of discontent in the recording industry, where rumors are flying about the collapse of this or that small record company, or the projected abandonment of "classical" music by a large one, nobody would infer that crisis was in full flower by looking at the lists of new issues. Whatever desperation there may be inside of the halls of discdom, on the outside all seems in relatively good order, with a continuing stream of fine art-music recordings.

Not one, but two new recordings of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* have been issued almost simultaneously: one by Pierre Boulez and the Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia), and the other by Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic (London). They are both splendid. The orchestras sound gorgeous, the stereo recording is luxurious in the extreme, and each of the relatively young conductors brings to this milestone of twentieth century music a few new tricks of his own.

If there are criticisms to be lodged against either of the recordings, they will be on the subject of these new tricks. Stravinsky, for most of his career, has propounded a doctrine of "objectivity." That is to say, he has insisted that a cool, literal translation into sound of the composer's written notes and other score-indications was all he wanted from a conductor or performer. Subjective "interpretation," which has been taken for granted in the music of such composers as Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, etc., and has actually been the source of our present exaggerated adulation of the conductor as not simply a middleman, but as a co-creator, equal with or perhaps even more important than the composer, was out of the question in the music of Stravinsky. He sought to document his own conception of his music not only in the form of printed scores but of recordings as well. And a conductor such as Pierre Monteux, who was of Stravinsky's own era, and who premiered *Le Sacre* back in 1913, followed this precept of objectivity down to the finest detail.

I have been fascinated by a comparison of the performance by Monteux on his fine RCA Victor recording (unfortunately deleted from the catalog) with the performances by Boulez and Mehta on these new discs. Nothing, of course, is more fundamental to an objective reading of a score than is the following of a composer's tempo markings. Stravinsky is exceedingly meticulous in his indications of speed, and his metronome markings can be taken seriously. Monteux did so; Boulez and Mehta do not. Thus, to give a single, revealing example, The *Rondes printanières* section on the Monteux recording achieves a marvellous slinkiness of rhythmic thrust by simply following the score's metronome marking, which requires a quarter note to equal 80. No interpretive fuss on the conductor's part. The music plays itself. And yet, the passage is so alive with rhythmic power that you can almost feel balletic movement in your own muscles.

Boulez, however, reduces the speed of the *Rondes* to 60, a reduction which carries the music from approximately a slow *Andante* to an *Adagio*. This does not inflict mortal damage, though it slightly diminishes the music's erotic glamor. But Mehta goes still farther, slowing the tempo to 56. Those last four notches on the metronome seem to have been at the critical point, for Mehta's *Rondes printanières* sound a little labored, and that is an effect Stravinsky certainly didn't have in mind.

Elsewhere, there are similar bendings of the composer's tempo indications on both recordings: sometimes faster, sometimes slower. But it must be said that *Le Sacre du printemps* proves to be a much more "interpretable" piece than one would have supposed. That is one of the surprises to come from this bit of comparison. Another is that Boulez, who has been advertised as a paragon of objectivity, is nothing of the sort. He is a very fine, clean-lined sort of interpreter, and I rather prefer his reading of *Le Sacre* in this instance. But, objective? Not really. Los Angeles' firebrand importation from India, Zubin Mehta, gives a performance that is predictably full of high color and excitement. His recording includes as an *hors-d'oeuvre* a splendid playing of Stravinsky's *Eight Instrumental Miniatures for Fifteen Players* which were composed in 1920 for piano and orchestrated in 1962.

By coincidence, another major event in the recording world this season has involved the music of a Russian composer, Dimitri Shostakovich. Unlike Stravinsky, Shostakovich has always lived and worked within the confines of the Soviet Union, and has experienced alternately the most serious ideological abuse and high praise. When he was only 27, in 1934, his opera *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District* (later revised and entitled *Katerina Ismailova*) threw Joseph Stalin into a frenzy of antagonism, and the composer was officially denounced by the Communist Party for "bourgeois" musical tendencies. This epithet has always been standard Party parlance for anything the conservative establishment disliked, with special concentration on dissonance or "abstraction."

But there are other ways for a composer to come a cropper in the USSR. Shostakovich managed to do so again with his *Thirteenth Symphony*, Opus 113, which was first performed in Moscow on December 18, 1962. Those were the days of Khrushchev. Stalinism had been denounced; a new, tentative feeling of freedom was in the air; the young poet, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, seemed its leading spokesman. His poem, *Babi Yar*, an impassioned denunciation of Nazi war crimes and of Soviet anti-Semitism as well, was being read aloud before thousands of Russians and traveling also to the outside world. Nothing could have been more logical than that Shostakovich should have linked his own humane talent with that of Yevtushenko by composing a Symphony based on *Babi Yar*.

Employing the expansive resources of

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symphony orchestra, a large male chorus, and a baritone soloist, he set that poem and four others by Yevtushenko in a framework of almost indescribable power. The five-movement Symphony takes a full hour to play, and it is the most convincing artistic document of protest since Picasso's *Guernica*.

The Thirteenth Symphony's troubles with officialdom began even before it was premiered. Khrushchev's disapproval of the text was made known, and it is reported that the composer had to beg the chorus to appear. They did appear, however, and the premiere was an immense public success. But the official box remained empty throughout the performance, and no reviews appeared in *Pravda*. Officially, the premiere did not exist.

Subsequently, when Yevtushenko and Shostakovich had made some alterations, adding a few lines to the next to make it explicit that not *only* Jews had been massacred at the Ukranian town of *Babi Yar*, there were two more performances. These took place in 1963 and 1965, and a tape recording from one of them was somehow brought out of the USSR, transferred to a disc, and issued on the Everest label. No more performances took place, however, until Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra acquired rights to the original version and presented it this year in Philadelphia and New York. It was immediately recorded by RCA.

The quality of "inspiration" is difficult to describe, but almost impossible to overlook when it is present. This symphony, it seems to me, is one of the most profoundly inspired of our epoch. The combined power of the words and of the straightforward, but incredibly evocative music which frames and projects them is such that one cannot avoid sharing the composer's and poet's feelings at full strength. I have not been an unremitting fan of Shostakovich's music. But in this symphony, he has transcended any small matters of style, with which one could quibble, and arrived at a pinnacle of personal mastery and expressiveness.

Others may disagree. *The New York Times* reported that "four-fifths of the Thirteenth Symphony amounts to little more than poster music." A couple of people for whom I have played the record have complained that there was nothing "new" in the music. But I submit that a panorama (which this music openly is) and a poster are not the same thing. And inspiration is always new, regardless of the medium through which it is transmitted.

The basic thrust of the Thirteenth Symphony is tragic. It could not be otherwise, if one considers such lines from *Babi Yar* as: "And I am like a gigantic scream,/ above the thousands upon thousands buried./ I am each old man who has been shot dead here./ I am each small child who has been shot dead here./ Nothing in me will forget about this!" In the first movement, which employs this poem, Shostakovich has created a bleak landscape of sound out of a mere handful of melodic and instrumental materials: a lonely bell ringing in the chill distance; a tiny chromatic flurry; the dark, Russian resonance of the men's voices. These are heard again and again.

But other movements are brighter. The second, an allegretto, is called *Humor*, and set to such lines as "They wanted to kill humor,/ but humor thumbed his nose!" The third, fourth and fifth movements are played without pause, and only in the section called *Fears*, which evokes "the secret fear of a knock on the door" are the darkest of sentiments again on display.

The performance given by Ormandy, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Male Chorus of the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia, and the Finnish baritone, Tom Krause, is sensational. I cannot imagine a more perfect revelation of this music, either from an interpretive or an engineering point of view. Ormandy looks after every smallest detail of melody or tone color, and makes the listener aware of thematic relationships which bind the work together, spanning the whole long time-trajectory of sixty minutes. The Thirteenth Symphony is a monument, and Ormandy builds it carefully. It accrues dimensions and meanings along the way. Only when the final, hauntingly beautiful measures are brought to rest do you realize that the total grandeur of the edifice has been made fully manifest.

Lester Trimble

Television

Save the Visual Aids for the Profs

One knew it would happen some day, one was ready. But when it actually happened, one still felt the inner uneasiness, the feeling of a boundary crossed. The President, in reporting to the people about the affairs of the country, had used film. Motion picture film. Edited film.

It was inevitable because if a President is going to use television, there is no rule saying he cannot use film. He can use charts and maps as John Kennedy did, or as Nixon did on April 30 (showing the black abcesses of the enemy sanctuaries). Visual aids are available for anyone who uses a visual medium: if professors can use it at dawn on television, who is to say a President cannot, in prime time?

Yet there is a difference, subtle and elusive. The President is not that videotaped professor at dawn, or even a newscaster at dinner-time: when a President claims his fiefdom of prime time, the whole country quickens and becomes alert to what he has to say. The reason he gets free time all at once, simultaneously, on those three networks, is that he is making the Chief Magistrate's Report—above politics, above partisanship. And yet no one with any sense would expect a President to ignore political considerations when he is zinging in to all those living rooms. The cost-per-thousand-viewer figure is a real bargain.

The networks, willy-nilly, have been offering Presidents these bargains since Franklin Roosevelt chinned himself up to the radio microphone for his first "Fireside Chat." That was an explosive and innovative political use of technology. Richard Nixon is the sort of President who will use it often. The formula seems to be, don't have press conferences, but instead get on everybody's screen at nine o'clock on a Wednesday evening and tell your story your way.

In fairness to the networks, how do you turn down a President when he says he wants to address the country as Chief Magistrate? The networks give him the time – and there are some indications now that the networks might also give time to his opposition. But the best opposition show can't com-

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pete in drama and magnitude with the reportage of the Chief.

FDR talked into the microphone for radio. Truman spoke and let film cameras take his sound picture for later television replay. Eisenhower spoke directly into the live cameras, as did Kennedy and Johnson. Until last June 3, when Mr. Nixon used some edited film, the art of presidential communication had been restricted to that of a politician talking to voters with nothing much else in the way. Paid political broadcasts used all the modern techniques of editing visual and audible materials, but, until June 3, Presidents just sat and talked to people.

Film has many voices and many symbolisms: it consists of a collection of images designed to produce an impression. Film is not truth (although it can be truthful), which is something both serious film-makers and television journalists worry about. But film, edited film, takes communication far beyond the rather more simple endeavor of a man sitting there trying by himself to be persuasive to people, using only the words which he says by himself. Film, edited film, can be made to say anything. (So can a man, but we can see and judge a man on his own, and the difference is important.)

When Mr. Nixon showed us the film of the captured weapons he established an unfortunate precedent. There oughta be a law. The law ought to be that it is all right for a President to *tell* us what he thinks, and cite such instances as will support his point of view, but not use *edited visual materials* to amplify that argument.

Perhaps a better rule would be simply that the President not use his time on television to put on a television show. That, in contemporary terms, is probably not a just rule, but it might save us from future excesses.

Mr. Nixon has a group of ad men advising him, and it is as the sun rises in the east that they would urge him to use available edited film. On the surface, one can see how this argument could be made: but just beyond the surface, there are problems. During the Second World War, the Canadians and British made good use of film to tell our side of the story. And during the same period, the Russians and the Germans made even better films. But it was all propaganda and it is wrong for an American Chief Magistrate to dress up his reports this way.

Sedulus

Correspondence

The Urban Vote

Sirs:

In their brief article on "The Urban Vote" last week, Messrs. Wides and Stotlar say no more than that candidates under a system of popular election will pay attention to the places where the people are, and there are lots of people in big states. But may I remind them that the 6,791,687 people who cast votes in New York in 1968 are not to be regarded as a unit. They don't vote that way. Wides and Stotlar are talking about an abstraction.

Like most large industrial states, New York is fairly closely divided between the two major parties, and the question for any national candidate is this: what kind of an increment of additional votes can he get in New York if he campaigns there, what does he have to say to get them, and how will what he says to get them in New York affect his chances in Montana and Idaho and Alabama? The argument was never that the power of 6,971,687 is enormously increased by the electoral-college unit-vote system, but that the power of the 5000 or 50,000 or 100,000 voters, quite possibly having common interests and forming a group, who can swing New York, is enormously increased. The popular election system will sharply limit the power of these voters, who can vary in identity, but who have often been racial or ethnic minority groups.

Alexander M. Bickel
New Haven, Conn.

Teachers' Union

Sirs:

In the course of the excellent editorial supporting the right of public employees to strike, *The New Republic* takes an unfortunate attitude towards teachers' unions, and towards the United Federation of Teachers in particular: "They can be bureaucratic or bigoted, and the UFT in particular has alienated black and Puerto Rican parents in New York."

In addition to active participation in the civil rights movement, with UFT playing a leading role, the American Federation of Teachers long ago expelled segregated locals. Teacher unions across the country are thoroughly integrated, including UFT. While it is true that the Ocean Hill-Brownsville controversy created tragic strains and divisions between teachers and parents, it is also true that UFT has worked hard, with growing success, to build alliances between teacher unionists and the minority communities in New York City.

On decentralization, a compromise law was enacted with the support and agreement of UFT and the black legislators. Centrally and locally, UFT is working with parent, civil rights, and civic groups for educational improvement, against disastrous cuts in the school budget, for recruitment of minority group teachers, for accountability, and for numerous other meaningful programs.

It is unlikely that thousands of predominantly black and Puerto Rican para-professionals, recruited to school jobs from the local minority communities, would have chosen UFT as their union were it bureaucratic, bigoted, or alienated from black and Puerto Rican parents. Thousands of para-professionals have joined UFT because they know it is a strong and democratic union which has fought steadfastly for its members' rights without regard to race or ethnic background, for better education, for integration, and for progressive change in society at large, as well as in the schools. . . .

Albert Shanker
President, UFT
New York City

Language Discrimination

Sirs:

Three recent years as a psychologist in Arizona's largest school district have persuaded me that, in considering the misplacement of minority children as retarded, conditions here are worse than those described by Mary Ellen Leary in *The New Republic* of May 30.

The most commonly employed tests for school children combine both performance (non-verbal) items as well as verbal ones. A fair indication of a child's potential ability (even if he speaks little or no English) can therefore be obtained by a competent psychologist skilled in non-verbal communication and by the use of perfor-

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mance sub-tests only.

Some school principals, aware of the above facts, state emphatically that they will not accept such an evaluation. They require their psychologists to administer a complete test of both performance and verbal items. Only thus will the resulting IQ enable a minority child, who is really not retarded, to be placed in a Special (EMR) Class.

A different situation can arise when complete tests (consisting of both verbal and non-verbal sub-tests) are administered to minority children who, nonetheless, obtain IQ ratings within the average range. In such situations, orders have been given the psychologist to lower the test scores to render these children eligible for placement in a class for the Educable Mentally Retarded. Naturally, in both these instances, the district anticipates extra funds, regardless of the effects on the students involved.

With few exceptions, psychologists comply with such demands since they feel it is more important to safeguard their job rather than to fulfill their obligations toward school children. It has been the writer's experience that referral of the facts of these misplacements to higher educational authorities in the state and to the psychologists' own organizations produces no helpful results. One wonders if the term "professional" any longer has meaning.

Among the general population there are undoubtedly a few exceptional cases in which the making of a definite diagnosis is difficult. However, a psychologist who is guilty of authorizing the misplacement of any child is either poorly trained, afraid of administrative censure, or both.

Margaret S. Tilford
Tucson, Arizona

Sirs:

I was interested to read Mary Ellen Leary's article about discrimination in the schools against youngsters who face an English language barrier. Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which this Office enforces in regard to schools, prohibits discrimination on the basis of national origin as well as on the basis of race or color; and so this Office is actively concerned about the issues the article raised. Just five days before the article appeared, a memorandum from this Office notified 1000 US school districts with substantial Spanish-surnamed and other national origin minorities that such barriers must be removed.

The memorandum served notice to school officials that the following practices would be considered violations of the Civil Rights Act of 1964:

1. Lack of affirmative steps to rectify a language deficiency among such pupils.
2. Assignment of pupils with English language problems to classes for the mentally retarded.
3. Any ability grouping or tracking system that is not designed to meet language skill needs of these pupils.
4. Failure to accord adequate notice of school activities to parents of such pupils, even if that notice must be in a language other than English.

Of course, many school districts are currently making extensive efforts in this area and we applaud that. We plan to see that all school districts do so.

I understand that this policy memorandum was not released early enough to be included in *The New Republic* piece, and I thought your readers would be interested to know what the federal government is doing about these problems.

J. Stanley Pottinger
Director, Office for Civil Rights

Boycott the Caucus

Sirs:

I agree with Professor Galbraith's argument ("Winning in November Is Not Enough," June 13) that the reform Democrats in the House should break out of the Democratic caucus in revolt against the antiquarian committee chairmen, but I visualize the confrontation next January somewhat differently.

In realism it should be assumed that the Democratic caucus will continue to uphold the seniority system unless, when the entrenched leaders count the votes, they face a certain disaster. The reform Democrats should take care next January never to step inside the Democratic caucus room, where there is nothing for them but a spider's web. It is the tribal rule of the caucus that those who attend it agree, by attending, to be bound by its decisions. Instead, the reform Democrats should caucus in advance of the regular Democratic caucus and bind themselves to vote against the decisions of the regular caucus unless the Democratic chairmen of the military and civil rights committees are deposed. Whether this would lead to voting for Republican or bipartisan leadership would then depend on the opportunities.

Mr. Galbraith would have candidates for Congress pledge to withhold their votes *in* the caucus and not to vote with the caucus if doing so would leave men such as Rivers, McMillan, Stennis, Russell, Eastland, Mahon, and Colmer in their chairmanships. If the reform Democrats are going for the jugular, as they have a clear duty to do, they should muster their numbers and agree to *boycott* the regular caucus. Candidates this summer and fall should therefore be asked, I think, to pledge *not to attend* the regular Democratic caucus and to vote against the recommendations of that caucus on the floor rather than continue to leave these old men in charge of our common destiny.

Ronnie Dugger
Austin, Texas

Erratum

The list of defense contractors distributed by a group called Boycott USA and referred to in an editorial note in the May 30 issue ("Positive Spending," p. 12) erroneously described Corning Ware as a consumer product of Honeywell. The companies are not related; Corning is not a major defense contractor. Corning's Vice President, Campbell Rutledge points out "you could put all of our defense contracts in your eye and it wouldn't hurt you."

The Editors

Notes on Contributors

MAXWELL KING *is a reporter for the Louisville* Courier-Journal & Times. LEONARD ROSS, *former editor-in-chief of the* Yale Law Journal, *is a teaching fellow at Harvard Law School.* JOSEPH A. PAGE, *a professor at the Georgetown Law Center, has just completed a book entitled* The Revolution That Never Was: Northeast Brazil, 1955-64. BARBARA RASKIN *teaches at American University in Washington, D.C.* LESTER TRIMBLE, *who teaches at The New School for Social Research, is a composer.* JOSEPH BARRY *is a journalist who has lived many years in Paris.*

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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

extremely limited technically – Martin Sheen, the Dobbs, might have taught him how to laugh, to name one elementary matter – and he smears his poor speech, rather proudly, over everything. When Arkin hears that Orr has escaped, he exclaims, "Eemayih?" This means "He made it?" And the two harrowing moments, Nately's death and the discovery of Snowden's second wound, are far beyond Arkin's grasp. Yossarian's words in the latter scene – "There, there" – are movingly inadequate in Heller's novel. In Arkin's mouth they seem unlikely and inexpressive. The very same film, shot for shot, would have been immensely improved with a good Yossarian. Heller's hero is the son of Schweik, emigrated to America and immensely wised up. Arkin's Yossarian is not a resolutely sane man who, by his sanity, seems mad; he is a Jewish-intellectual cabaret comic wallowing in anti-heroism as he plays for predictable coterie responses.

The cinematographer was the very gifted Englishman, David Watkin, whose career includes – hardly by coincidence, I should think – such anti-war films as *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *How I Won the War*, and *The Bed Sitting Room*. Some of his work here, like the beginning and the Snowden sequences and a telephoto shot of a bomber-group takeoff, is exquisite. (One fantasy scene, of soldiers lined up outside a brothel, is like a waiting line of girls in *The Knack*, also done by Watkin.) But the director hasn't asked him for enough in such scenes as Yossarian's Roman walk, has called for repetitious knee-level shots, and has allowed some fruity lighting, as in the Dalio scene.

And so to the director. Mike Nichols has been considered a man of talent but little consequence. I have thought of him as a man who was being punished, by a species of artistic Calvinism, because he had been a member of a satirical duo and had directed several frothy comedies on Broadway. The fact that he had directed them with immense skill did not impress his detractors; to them, anyone who accepted those assignments was tainted. (A queer distinction between theater and film; bevies of film critics keep telling us that film material matters little, execution is all.) For myself, I tremendously admired his work in, say, the New York production of *The Knack*, and I thought that his first film, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, was a largely successful struggle. It was a grim first assignment, to have to transfer a distinguished play to the screen, but Nichols showed some cinematic intelligence plus his already celebrated skill with actors. In *The Graduate* he (rightly) opted for more malleable material and more of his self came through; the picture was marred by facetiousness and script weaknesses, but it had the same superb skill with actors, a firmer grip of cinematic influences, and the dynamics of a film whose time has come. *Catch-22* is, on balance, his poorest film to date. Basically, I think this is because he reverted to the strictures of Film One, taking on a distinguished work and again becoming essentially a transposer. (I'm speaking solely from the viewpoint of a potentially superior director; the question of who ought to film works like Albee's play and Heller's novel is another subject.) And this time the original is very much harder to transpose.

Throughout *Catch-22* there are suggestions that Nichols felt trapped; there is a scent of panic. Possibly this accounts for his failure to fix the tone and for his uncharacteristic mistakes with actors. He seems to have realized too late the enormous difficulties of filming this book, of conveying its cosmos within a reasonable length, of making *visible* its understated lunacies, of dealing with its changed position in our culture. So he seems, figuratively, to have ad-libbed his way through the picture, sometimes hitting a good note, sometimes not, and often falling back, when insecure, on revue gimmicry to see him through. (Arkin's Second City repertoire. An "in" reference to *2001*: with the first close-ups of Luciana's body, we hear the Richard Strauss music that began the Kubrick film.) Underneath the film one can almost hear a voice of strained *noblesse oblige* saying: "I am Mike Nichols, famed for social and political wit, and therefore I must do *Catch-22*." Then, sotto voice: "Help!" The paradox is that a lesser director, less oppressed by perception of the difficulties, might have made a more satisfactory picture, without Nichols' high spots but also without his thrashing about.

"Character is destiny," Heraclitus said, freezingly, 2500 years ago. But what is Nichols' character? After enumerating the good and bad sequences in *Catch-22*, one is left with a balance-sheet rather than a man. His career has shown thus far that, at whatever level, he was born to direct. In the theater he has consistently chosen to meet few challenges except those of craft. In films, where optimally the director is at least as much creator as interpreter, he has chosen, two out of three times, the dubious refuge of previously successful works; and this last time, the refuge became a sort of prison, within which he is furtively and almost anonymously clever. What destiny has Nichols' character in store for him? More hot properties? More juggling? He says that he is now just ready to begin, to make his "statement." I hope so. I think that out of the often dazzling gifts a recognizable and valuable man might emerge. I hope that he is not destined for one more of those American careers in art, a man merely living by his talents – which is about the easiest way that a talented man can live.

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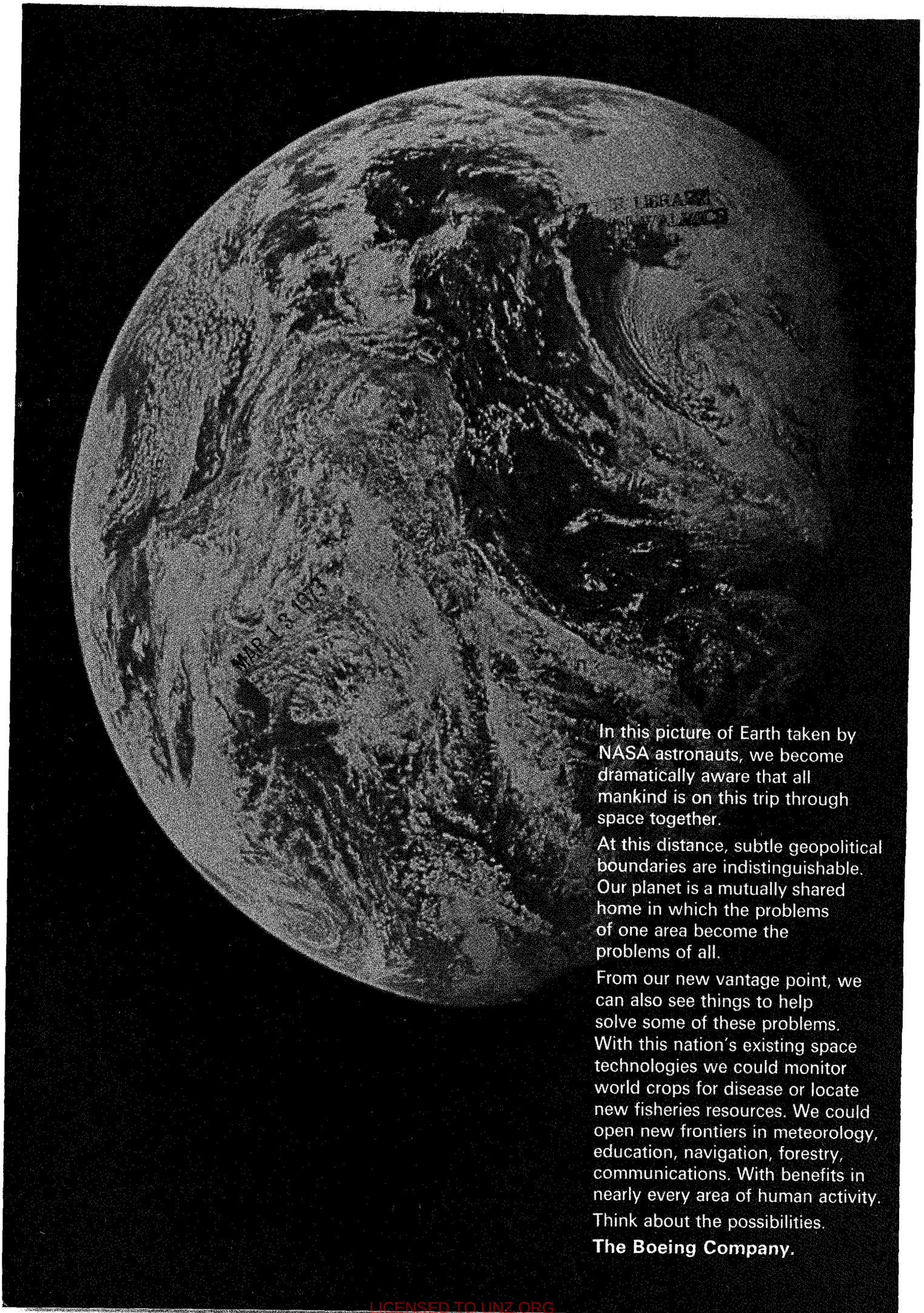

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